

Today

What Do You Call Modesty?
Bringing Is Useful
The Turkish Ladies
Women Begin It
By Arthur Brisbane

EVERYBODY has discussed the question, "What Is Modesty?" A young woman suggests: "With all the talk about high skirts and low necks, why not discuss this question: 'What Is Modesty?'"

Interesting, delicate suggestion. What Is Modesty?
Circumstances alter cases with modesty as with other things.
Havelock Ellis writes enthusiastic praise of a female nurse, "who strips off all her clothing and dives into the sea to save drowning sailors."

He writes: "That woman belongs to my world. Now and then I have come across the like, sweet and feminine and daring women, who have done things as brave as that, and even much braver, because more completely difficult, and always I feel my heart swinging like a censer between the gods in a perpetual fragrance of love and adoration."

"I dream of a world in which the spirits of women are flamed stronger than fire, a world in which modesty has become courage and yet remains modesty."

That is very pretty and enthusiastic, but many will ask, "Was the young lady modest?" Would it not have been more lady-like to have permitted a thousand sailors to drown rather than set an immovable example?

The Persian lady who writes from the Seraglio, to Montaigne's famous Uzbek Lord of Baghdad, tells how the harem ladies went out to get the air, accompanied by black eunuchs.

Each lady perched on her camel not only had her face covered, but was encased up tight in a careful enclosure like a modern bluebird perched on a tree. The eyes might look on her. Crossing a stream on a boat, a terrible storm arose and death seemed certain. It was taken for granted, however, that no lady would come out of her concealment merely to avoid drowning.

On the same joint two common men that foolishly came near the ladies and perhaps peeked, although there was no need of it. Were instantly slain by the eunuchs as a matter of course. Was that modesty or plain foolishness?

Early in the last century a traveler on horseback, bound from Berlin to Constantinople, passed through miles of blooming roses. Turkish women were picking the blossoms to make into garlands "a la mode" for the Sultan and his court. Many bunches of roses are needed for a once of perfume.

These women of Turkey were not a single garment from the waist to the knees, nothing else. They had been taught that a woman showing her face, especially to a stranger, a Christian, King or Sultan, was a crime.

An the Christian rode by, with his two servants riding behind him, the ladies were working in the rose field raised her solitary garland and hid her face. You wouldn't call that modesty in America. But it was modesty here.

In men you are told that the least immodesty is bragging, but bragging often is only another name for bragging. You know the story of General Wolfe. He wanted to be sent to Canada against the French. His superior told him Wolfe struggled up and down, waving his sword and bragging about what he could do.

Continued on Page 5, Column 4

THE WEATHER
Fair today and Monday;
nightly warmer Sunday; moderate
with showers.
Dunkley's Forecast:
Sun on Sat. 8:15; sets at 6:11.
Moon sets at 5:55 p. m.;
rises at 1:05 p. m., 1:10

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST SUNDAY NEWSPAPER
BOSTON, SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1922
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PRICE TEN CENTS

The Price of This Paper Everywhere Is
10 CENTS
PAY NO MORE

LET'S LIVE IN MAINE "EAT"

FITZGERALD RAPS "ALL YANKEE" SLATE-MAKERS; IRISH COALITION TO RULE WITH FREE HAND

LEADERS AGREE ON NEW PACT

Lloyd George and Michael Collins Clear Up Situation

PREFER PEACE TO CIVIL WAR
Treaty to Be Altered, but Britain Asks Safeguards for Elections

By H. O'BRIEN W. FAIRBANKS
Universal Service Correspondent

LONDON, May 27.—A quarter of an hour's talk today between Michael Collins and Lloyd George virtually cleared up the obscure situation caused by the Collins-De Valera agreement last week.

The conference adjourned until Monday, when the finishing touches will be made on a new Anglo-Irish pact under which the Irish coalition will be free to go forward and govern the Free State.

The two-day conference went along smoothly, but the British preferred to wait for the arrival of Collins today when Lloyd George was able to get his personal story, as exactly what Collins signed the coalition agreement.

It was not denied that the British Premier was frankly skeptical of De Valera's intentions, but Lloyd George's conversation with Collins convinced him that the Free State was acting in the best interests of Ireland even if forced to make concessions.

Collins also cleared up the ambiguous phrase when he said that if coalition brought peace in Ireland he would prefer it to the treaty. In substance Collins told the Premier: "It is better to have peace than civil war. I accepted peace without hurting the treaty."

None of the conference were willing to issue a statement on tonight's meeting, but all were exceedingly optimistic. Arthur Griffith told Universal Service: "I stand as I did December 6 when the treaty was signed. There is no change in our policy and we will work in accord with the British government under the treaty."

There will probably be some partial suspension of the treaty in order to allow the coalition to exist, but Britain will demand safeguards on any election held.

GRAND JURY TO PROBE L. SCANDAL
District Attorney O'Brien yesterday issued a call for a special session of the Suffolk County grand jury to hold Wednesday to investigate the so-called Boston Elevated scandal.

The grand jury will deal with the revelations made in the hearing before the Legislature on the lowering charges that the elevated was passed through bribery.

Ex-Soldiers Shot to Death in Roscommon

Dublin, May 27. JAMES GREER, former sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary, was taken from his home in Cottelbach, County Roscommon, today and shot dead.

His son, a demobilized black and tan, was mortally wounded. Young Greer received eleven wounds.

Belfast, May 27.—An unidentified man was wounded this afternoon. A pedestrian who went to his assistance was shot through the head.

Glasgow, May 27.—During an argument over Irish affairs today a woman, aged forty, was killed by a man. The murderer said he would show her "what I'll do with De Valera."

MCCALL WARNS OF NEW WAR

Ex-Governor, Back From Europe, Says U. S. "Must Carry On"

New York, May 28.—"Europe is getting back into a state of war," said Samuel W. McCall today. With Mrs. McCall he returned today from a three-months' tour abroad.

"Germany and Russia, great countries, are outwitted. Unless something is done whereby they are taken in by the great nations, they will continue and the result certainly will mean another world conflict."

It is up to the United States to support Lloyd George and not ridicule him. Everybody on the other side believes the conference at Washington did one good thing in the way of disarmament, but they must carry on if Europe is to be saved."

McCall declined to discuss reports that he would be a candidate for United States Senator.

"I have been away from home too long to know what the political situation is in the United States. He said he would go to Washington tomorrow and spend several days before returning to Boston."

GIRL, 16, STAR BOOTLEGGER
Springfield, May 27.—Miss Sarah Levi, sixteen, spent her evening brought before District Court here on liquor charge, and who admitted that she had served \$100 worth of liquor to several brothers and sisters from the profits of the moonshine still.

STAYS IN RACE FOR GOVERNOR

Warns Against Propaganda to Oust Him From Contest

John F. Fitzgerald yesterday threw a shot into the ranks of the political abolitionists who are alleged to be working up an "All Yankee" ticket for the Democratic primaries.

Mr. Fitzgerald's discussion was contained in an article in yesterday's Republic, which said: "It is amusing to hear propagandists against the nomination of John F. Fitzgerald for Governor discuss prospective Yankee candidates on the basis of their strength and Fitzgerald's weakness. Here are some facts which some of the gentlemen perhaps have forgotten: MADE TWO STATE FIGHTS."

"Mr. Fitzgerald has made two fights throughout the State, the first one ten years ago when he was a candidate for Delegate-at-Large to the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore."

"In the strongest field ever contested in Massachusetts primaries, consisting of sixteen candidates for eight places, he led the ticket. The fight was particularly severe, every inch of the ground being fought. Among the candidates who were the strongest Democrats in the State at the time were Senator Walsh, Dr. Coughlin of Fall River, George Fred Williams, James H. Vahay, and men of that caliber."

"In 1918, Mr. Fitzgerald contested with Mr. Lodge when everyone else ran away from the struggle."

"In ten days of campaigning he made a remarkable fight with little or no assistance from the State or National Committees. In this contest he received the largest vote ever before returned to a candidate up to that time or since."

"As a line on Mr. Fitzgerald's strength in Boston it might be well to mention that in this same contest, with Mr. Curley Mayor, Mr. Fitzgerald carried Boston by over 21,000 majority, while Mr. Curley's majority was something over 13,000, and Mr. Mansfield's over 18,000."

"It is Mr. Fitzgerald's own opinion that in the coming campaign, by voting, considering the prevailing unrest in industrial centers, he is 50,000 votes stronger than he was yet suggested or in sight for that matter."

WOMAN SAYS PETERS SHOT; HE SAYS "NO"
Ex-Mayor Andrew J. Peters, when called by telephone at his home last night denied that he had been shot. Peters' wife said she knew of no bullet hitting him yet.

Earlier the newspaper editors received a telephone call from a woman who said she had just learned that the former mayor had been shot.

MISS BAKER DELAYS HER WEDDING AGAIN
Paris, May 27 (By International News Service).—The wedding of Miss Mary London Baker and Albert McCormick, members of two rich and prominent Chicago families, which was to have taken place in England next month, has been postponed until September.

BANKER'S SON AT REVELS

Later, With Miss Wells, Fitzgerald Filed Marriage Intentions

BACK BAY BEAUTY CHANGES STORY
William F. Fitzgerald, Jr., son of the Boston banker, was one of the revellers at the now-famous

Back Bay party that has resulted in the dismissal of Geneva Mitchell, principal of "Sally" and the Misses Eleanor Lassar and Marie La Von, chorus girls of "The Last Waltz" from their respective companies.

Shortly after this, Elizabeth D. Wells, the 26-year-old daughter of State Senator Wellington Wells left her home with her autosen, and shortly after that again, marriage intentions were filed at the City Hall Annex in the handwriting of both the young people together.

Here is Fitzgerald's explanation of the affair of the filing of the marriage intentions (privately):

"The three of us, Miss Wells, Mitchell Snow (a Harvard classmate of Fitzgerald's) and myself, were out riding in an automobile yesterday (Friday)."

"Now was driving the machine. We were talking about various subjects and one of us suggested it would be a good idea for Miss Wells and me to file intentions of marriage. They didn't observe it was not a marriage license but simply a statement of intent."

"We went to City Hall and filed the intentions. Later, we met this other girl and her gentleman friend and we all had tea together. While they were talking the intentions were being filed. They didn't observe it was not a marriage license but simply a statement of intent."

"I learned to love my husband all over again in this woodland adventure and I think I have found qualities in him that I did not know he possessed. There have been many occasions when food was scarce and in spite of the fact that he was doing practically all of the work he always insisted that I have most of the food."

"The thing that bothered me most of all at the start was the going without coffee. I have been used to silk lingerie, sheer silk stockings and well-made shoes. Look at me now!"

"Stutter glowered down at her slender legs, scratched and torn by briars, and her feet lacerated by sharp stones and stones."

"The first thing I wanted Carl to do was to get something to eat. I was so hungry. He stripped the

'10,000 Have Loved Me,' Says Marilyn

Woman Who, With Husband, Is 'Back to Nature,' Loves the Wilds

LEARNS TO LOVE ALL OVER AGAIN
Remarkable Story of Hazardous Experiences Unclad in Woods

Copyright, 1922, by Carl A. Sutter. Howe Brook, Me., May 27.—"The Garden of Eden is right here in Maine. I know that now. The glorious sunrise and the gorgeous sunsets, the limpid water and the crystal air, the fragrance of pine and spruce and the ever beautiful panorama of sky and sunning-floes are all here for the taking, love it all!"

The speaker was Mrs. Margaret Sutter, the modern Eve, who with her husband, Carl A. Sutter, has gone back to nature for six weeks in the wilderness of Aroostook, erected in the virgin forest fifteen miles from here. She was girded with a skirt of birch bark. The rest of her body stood out in its virgin nakedness against the deep green of the spruce.

Her bobbed hair was blown by the soft breeze that whispored through the evergreen and her brow, lit up, sparkled as she talked. On her cheeks was the pink glow of health mingled with a tan that only life in the open can impart.

"In spite of what I have suffered, I am beginning to love the woods more and more," she said. "There is something about those great silences with their beauty that gets you, after a while. There were nights when I thought I would go crazy, when I believed that I could not stand another hour of it. But Carl always talked me out of my black moods and I am glad he did. He has been the best husband in the world, a perfect mate."

FALSE STATEMENTS VANISH
"Here in the woods all the false standards of civilization drop away from one and we stand on our own feet. All the good and all the bad in a man or woman comes to the surface. In this battle for existence every one is on his own feet and no artificial comes out. Carl has shown nothing but the finest spirit of chivalry."

"I learned to love my husband all over again in this woodland adventure and I think I have found qualities in him that I did not know he possessed. There have been many occasions when food was scarce and in spite of the fact that he was doing practically all of the work he always insisted that I have most of the food."

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"The first thing I wanted Carl to do was to get something to eat. I was so hungry. He stripped the

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Marilyn Miller, charming star of "Sally," who has announced her engagement to Jack Pickford (below) brother of the famous Mary, and former husband of the late Olive Thomas. No date for the wedding has been set.

But She Was "Particular," Therefore Chose Jack Pickford, Even Above Billionaires, to Wed

raised a slim hand to snub back her straight golden bob and on her third left finger glowed a dazzling solitaire.

"Oh dear," sighed Marilyn, "this perfectly horrible publicity—it has made me ill!"

A maid handed in a telegram. The languid star opened it disconsolately.

"Ten thousand men have loved me—and I chose Jack Pickford! Up to me to show the nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine that I know how to choose. And I'll show you—for we're going to be very, very happy—Jack and I!"

Marilyn Miller, talking on one of the twin beds in the room she shares with Clara Clatter at the "Copley Place." A solitaire that she wears might have covered wounds as black and cold and crimson fests about her little little finger. She

The Boston Sunday Advertiser
Boston's Want-Ad Directory
Read for Profit—Use for Results

QUEEN OLIVER GIVEN AWAY
The Boston Advertiser has given FREE a number of copies of the Boston Advertiser to the Boston Advertiser, to be used for the purpose of advertising.

BOY FALLS INTO POND AND DROWNS
Stanley Goblach, twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Goblach, of No. 75 Merrimack street, North Woburn, was drowned yesterday when he fell into the Merrimack river near the bridge.

QUEEN OLIVER—FREE
Big bottle of free to advertise. Send your ad to the Boston Advertiser, to be used for the purpose of advertising.

"Days in Paradise"
A marvelous fiction story—a romance of a kind never before told—a fitting sequel to "The Sheikh."

Begin in Next
SUNDAY'S ADVERTISER

HUNT FOR MADMAN IN WOODS

Fall River, May 27.—Despite rumors that he had cut his throat and died in the fire he set to his house in a futile effort to burn alive his wife and four children whom he wounded and slashed with a huge butcher knife, posses of police continue to scour the Westport woods for Walenty Sawley, the Polish farmer who ran amuck yesterday.

The cred farmer in thought by sense, jungle-like thickets back of this cottage. The fact that Bremen and policemen from Westport, New Bedford and this city have failed to find any trace of his remains in the ruins adds to this belief.

His wife, frightfully wounded in the chest, face and head, suffering from a fractured skull and terrible burns, lies at the point of death in the City Hospital here. Her four children, also frightfully cut by the insane father, and burned by the flames which he applied to their home, occupy adjoining cots.

Mrs. Suey, who, bleeding from
worn deep wounds, and suffering
from a score of burns, crawled
towards a neighbor's home, and be-
came unconscious after gasping that
her husband had cut his throat.
The burning cottage, is not expected
to live.

Her oldest daughter, Mary, to-
night old, whose skull was also
fractured by the maddened farmer,
has not recovered consciousness,
and her death is considered a mat-
ter of hours. The other three chil-
dren are also on the danger list,
though their condition is regarded

as less critical.

Why She Changed:

"I have always used the cheaper baking

the cheaper baking powders, supposing them just as good as

Royal but I invested
in a can of Royal

Baking Powder and
now find all my bak-

ing so much improved that I will use no other kind."

Miss C. L. B.

ROYAL

Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure
Contains No Alum

Leaves No Bitter Taste

—It's FREE. Royal Baking Powder Co., 126 William St., New York

8

525



OLD

wherever

...wherever
...yds gather
...at your

rite store.
freshment

ads, hotels,
aurants, clubs.

lining cars.



208



WARD, FREED ON \$50,000 BAIL, FLEES FROM WHITE PLAINS



is alter S. Ward, accused slayer.

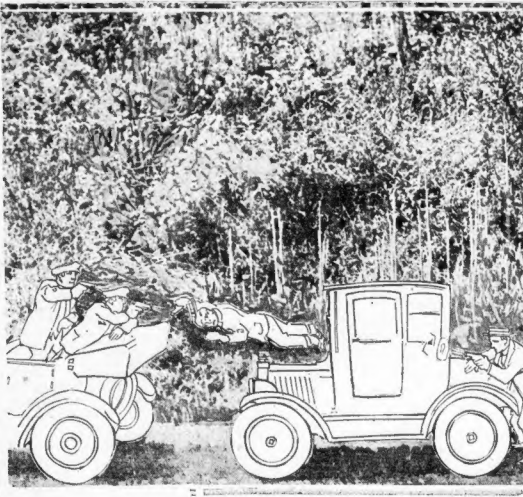


Photo-diagram of the killing of Peters, as described in confession of Ward, at White Plains, N. Y.

FATHER FURNISHES CASH TO RELEASE PEERS' SLAYER

Speedy Auto, Owned by Harry Mercer, Deputy Sheriff, Whisks Him Out of Town

White Plains, N. Y., May 27.—Walter S. Ward, wealthy baker, who has confessed to killing Clarence Peters, former navy man, regained his freedom this afternoon.

After two nights in the dingy county jail, he was released by Sheriff Mercer under \$50,000 bail. Then he jumped into a motor car and hurried out of town, after telephoning his wife that he was returning to his home in New Rochelle.

Ward had waited since noon for his lawyers to rush down from Newburgh, where Supreme Court Justice Seeger had signed an order for his release under heavier bail than the \$10,000 under which he was held before being rearrested Thursday.

Officials of the courthouse had been notified that Elwood M. Hubbard, chief counsel for Ward, was hurrying to bring the money, and everything was made ready to receive him.

FATHER FURNISHES CASH. Shortly after three o'clock Mr. Hubbard arrived. He went at once to the county clerk's office and deposited cash said to have been provided by George A. Ward, Walter's father. Then he went to the sheriff's office, where Ward was awaiting him. Formalities soon were over and Ward shook the sheriff's hand.

In the rear of the jail, which is connected by bridges with the courthouse proper, Ralph Ward, brother of Walter, was waiting in a coupe. Ralph Ward had his motor running and appeared to be waiting for his brother.

Walter stepped from the courthouse door. Reporters closed in, making for a short statement. Ward turned, slipped back into the coupe, ran through the building and down the esplanade in front and leaped into an open touring car which was standing there waiting for him.

It was learned later that Harry Mercer, an automobile salesman and a deputy sheriff of White Plains, ran the big machine which whisked Ward out of town.

DECK OF CARDS MARKED. Sheriff Mercer made an official statement, just after Ward was released, in which he said that a playing card, found at the Ward home

ADAM AND EVE in the Wilderness of Maine Read their marvelous exploits—daring gold and starvation—in the woods where they went without food, clothing, fire or tools—

Exclusively in the Boston Daily Advertiser

Marine Record Refutes Story Told By Ward

WALTER S. Ward, in confessing the slaying of Clarence Peters on May 16, claimed that for six weeks before the slaying he had been the victim of blackmail demands from Peters and two others of a gang.

The Boston Sunday Advertiser last night received virtually conclusive proof that for two of these "six weeks" Peters was at the Marine Corps Training Station, Paris Island, S. C. The record of the Post Adjutant, telegraphed to the Advertiser, shows Peters arrived at Paris Island April 23 from a Boston recruiting station. He went South alone.

While awaiting action on their enlistment marine recruits, the dispatch stated, are kept under strict surveillance. For two weeks Peters was thus held within the post, and officers said it was impossible that strangers from the outside might have seen him.

On May 12, the records show, Peters received transportation for Philadelphia, having been rejected by the Marine Corps because of his record in the navy, from which he had been discharged.

Saw Peters Just As He Left Home

Was Accompanied by Three Other Haverhill Youths and Not by "Well-Dressed" Stranger

Haverhill, May 27.—Clarence Peters, nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan of Peters, No. 27 Grove street, murdered at White Plains, N. Y., twelve days ago, left Haverhill four weeks ago in the company of Arthur Kittredge, aged eighteen, formerly employed as a clerk in the United Butcher Shop, Merrimack street, and two other youths, according to a statement made to Patrolman James Young today by Arthur Giguere, No. 17 Grand street, a chauffeur.

Giguere said he talked with Peters, Kittredge and the other two on Washington square just before they left Haverhill.

All four, according to Giguere, said they were leaving in search of work and expressed the hope that they would land a job in some hotel. They asked Giguere what course would be best to pursue in their quest and he suggested they first go to Hampton Beach. When they left the total revenue of the four young men was about 20 cents, Giguere told the officers.

ALL HAVERHILL BOYS. The two who were strangers to Giguere were about the age of Peters, he said. He believed, however, that they were Haverhill boys, and that they were friends of Kittredge and Peters. The three men of them said they were walking through Washington square.

About the time they left, Kittredge, who had made his home with his father, George, at 1 La Pierre street, quit his job, telling fellow employees he was going to New York. Post cards received from him at Coney Island said he was going to enlist in the army.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Kittredge received a letter from their son, saying he had enlisted and would be in the 10th Cavalry regiment. Mrs. Kittredge said she intended to get him out of the army as she was under age and enlisted without her consent.

In the letter, she said, her son mentioned the fact that he left at Peters' instigation. It seems certain that Peters was one of them. He did not mention the names of his companions, but from Giguere's statement it seems certain that Peters was one of them.

This apparently clears up the matter in which young Peters got "over" tells the story of her experience. "Adam," her husband, she entered the woods with "Eve" and "Satan," or weapons—in remains for six weeks, and her thrilling adventures on another page of this newspaper and every day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

MEN Fruit of the Loom Shirts for Men Sizes 13½ to 18, inclusive. ALSO NIGHT SHIRTS Regular and Hotel Sizes. PAJAMAS Plain and Fancy Effects.

THE SHEPARD STORES PROVIDENCE

'CHARLIE ROSS' TO SURRENDER

Expected to Knock Out Ward's Story of Blackmail

By BERT FORD

New York, May 27.—Charlie Ross, known as the "Wolf" of the underworld and alleged companion of Clarence Peters of Haverhill, Mass., the night Peters was slain by Walter S. Ward, was to have surrounded himself tonight but failed to put in an appearance.

Former District Attorney William J. McGowan, of Westchester county, probing the mystery which surrounded the murdered boy's parents was confident Ross would be produced.

Ross, former hanger on the Battleship Rhode Island and Connecticut and now truck tout, was to have gone into conference with Attorney Paul and Detective Val O'Farrell and Attorney M. L. Sullivan and James J. Ronan of Salem, Mass., Attorney Sullivan and Ronan later said as they were leaving for Boston.

"From what we gathered at White Plains we will not be surprised if Ward is re-arrested on a charge of murder," Coroner Fitzgerald intimated he would seek Ward's arrest.

"If Ross is found and refutes Ward's story of blackmail and a duel, Ward and his attorneys may raise a question of confused identity and claim Ward meant an entirely different Ross. But we feel that the Ross we are after is the only Ross in the case."

"The more Ward tries to shift to another Jess, if this one comes forward and contradicts him the worse off he will be. Ward is in the position of having admitted that he killed Peters. It is now up to him to prove that he was justified."

Investigation of the case now centers in the underworld and deals with Ward's habits and haunts. Evidence gathered to date indicates that he has led a sort of Jekyll and Hyde career in his social life and that he has consorted with many sordid men of the Navy.

One important disclosure was a report from Pittsburgh that Ward was in trouble with a youth there a year ago.

A man who said he formerly worked for Ward told newspaper men in New Rochelle today that Ward probably had some purpose in being designated as a "wolf" in the slaying. John J. Roach, at whose suggestion Ward was first arrested, stated that Ward solicited the position.

Both men in the machine, according to Peters, were well dressed. One was a big man wearing a straw hat. Mr. Peters could not give a description of the driver.

Peters went down town last night and on Merrimack street, saw the machine again. While he was down town his son, Leslie, who had remained at home, noticed the machine pass the house.

A MAN WITHOUT A DOLLAR is like a ship without a rudder—drifting—always in the hands of the sea. The man who saves weekly will never be in a position to take advantage of the few moments of opportunity. He arrives. Save with us, our location is handy. Money deposited in our Savings Department on or before June 1 goes on interest this day. Resources \$14,000,000.

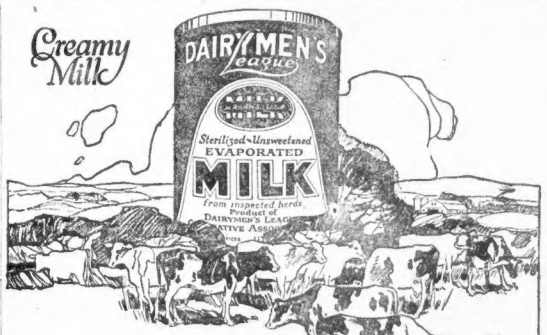
Liberty Trust Company

100 Washington Street, Boston
Cor. Court Street
Member Federal Reserve Bank



Beryl Curtis Ward, wife of millionaire baker's son, who is said to have confessed to slaying former marine, Clarence Peters of Haverhill, alleging blackmail.

has been before Magistrate House. Magistrate House said tonight: "I have a recollection of Walter Ward's appearance before me in traffic court once, or perhaps twice at least a year ago. The charge was speeding. I had been informed he was a wealthy man. My recollection is I told him his wealth would not save him from a jail sentence if he appeared before me again."



As long as these cows live in New York State

There are approximately 1,000,000 cows in New York State. Most of them are owned by 70,000 farmers whose life-work it is to care for these cows, to enable the cows to produce good, pure milk, under clean, pleasant conditions.

The "milk business" in the New York territory is a big industry which is in comparatively small units because of its very nature.

These farmers are the Dairy Men's League Cooperative Association, Inc. They own the cows, the farms, the milk plants. They sell fresh milk, evaporated milk, condensed milk, and other dairy products. They have an interest in the production of milk all the way through, from the cow to the store. They are in business to stay. Therefore they will sell nothing that is not good and of a definite standard of quality.

When you buy Dairy Men's League Evaporated or Condensed Milk today, tomorrow, and next year, you can be sure that it will be good and that the standard they have set for all their products will be maintained. As long as there are 1,000,000 cows in New York State—the "Dairy State"—there will be milk to sell and of a quality that is rigidly set and maintained.

DAIRY MEN'S LEAGUE
CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, INC.
UTICA, N. Y.

Storekeepers who sell Dairy Men's League products can also be sure that they are developing sales on a permanent basis—that they are creating sales for goods that are backed by a big, reputable business.

Sole Representative, Geo. W. Barnette, Board of Trade Bldg., 131 State St., Boston

R. GAMBLING GAME WERE OPEN TO PAUPER OR MILLIONAIRE

MORAN, NEW "G" DROPS OLD SLATTERY HONOR CODE

No One Is Barred Now; Financier, Who Was Easy for \$20,000, Starts Storm; Leaders of Ring Fear Expulsion; Prepare for Flight

Providence, R. I., May 27.—For the first time in ten years Rhode Island's gambling ring is shaking.

Ten years ago the Boston American drove the leaders of the gambling ring out of the state. The American exposed the frightful conditions that existed and actually smashed the gambling ring that held the little state in a vice-like grip.

In recent years, however, the ring has re-established itself under the leadership of Thomas P. Moran and John C. Joyce. They worked slowly and methodically and after eight years of effort have constructed a gambling machine that has no counterpart in any section of the country.

In North Providence, East Greenwich, Newport, Cranston, Thornton and other towns the game is operated and until recently boasted of a power that could not be shaken by the arm of the law.

IN A \$50,000 TANGLE

A few days ago, a man well known in the financial circles of Providence, confessed to be short in his accounts. It was a confession to unravel the tangle of his book and save him from prison.

This man has for some time enjoyed a reputation and when he confessed to intimate friends and begged them to save him and his family he was forced to admit that his plight was due to the vicious gambling ring in North Providence, Cranston and Thornton.

His friends were shocked but to save a friend they agreed to raise a fund with which he could meet his financial obligations.

These men are influential and high in financial and social circles. The plight of their old friend focused their attention on the gambling ring.

It will take a big bunch to unseat Moran, Joyce and their associates. Can the opposition develop the strength to put it over?

Menace the gamblers are getting at on their winnings. Their resorts are operated in open violation of the law.

Dealers at Casino tables and managers of roulette wheels regard town and state officials as characters for comic punch and regard the state money involving the Providence financial man will blow

hold that they were small fry and that they led to serious trouble. Three years after the Boston American smashed the slattery power, the famous gambling king died and his partner, the suave and well-groomed Bill Reid, moved to New York.

The passing of the mighty Slattery and the voluntary retirement of Reid brought forth a new figure, Thomas P. Moran, who took over the slattery, came forward and announced that he would wear the crown of Slattery.

The gambling element stood aghast when Moran made known his plans. Until then he had been just a piker and now he looked and talked like a king. The old lieutenant of the powerful slattery doubted Moran's success in patching the machine together.

But Moran disregarded the misgivings of his friends. He went to work and looked and talked like a king. He succeeded in patching the machine together. The new machine went into operation.

Slattery's code book was burned and his warnings concerning the youngsters and the fair sex were forgotten when Moran's resort at North Providence was opened.

ADOPTS NEW SLOGAN.

"They come little, they come big. To get them we must die." That was the slogan of the new regime, and a slogan that is in force today. Money is literally flowing into the coffers of the gang and through every gambling hole that is known to the fraternity.

It is perfectly human for a man or woman to stick to a losing game. By doing so they hope to recoup their losses, but risk doing that in Moran's place is notorious and is a rendezvous for every type of crook and criminal in the category of vice.

It is not necessary to journey to Moran's resort in a losing game. All that is really essential is money. If you have ten dollars to lose you are welcome. If you have a thousand you are a bit more welcome. Never is a cold shoulder given to a little fellow.

Nearly is the Anthony Inn, a splendidly equipped auto, tavern managed by Jack Moran, brother of the gambling king. Some of the variety acts, comedy shows and vaudeville days is sold at this resort and patrons representing a desire to play roulette or faro are escorted to Tom's place.

ORGANIZE REALTY COMPANY

For five years Moran has done a big business, in fact the business has grown to such proportions that he was forced to take partners. In the summer they open

Girl Cuts Mutes Pelt Men Co-Eds with Rotten Eggs

Washington, May 27.—GALLATHEE College for the deaf and dumb is in no less uproar over the suspension of five co-eds for bombarding the men's dormitory with rotten eggs.

It was in the bright dawn of a May morning that the occupants of the men's dormitory were awakened by strange odors. The most daring, looking out windows, were said to have received a splashing onslaught of rotten eggs.

The suspended co-eds are: Helen Moss, Maryland; Mary Kaitis and Elsie Hason, Philadelphia; Doris Hallow, Kansas, and Minnie Sewell, California.

What is known as the White Front at Narragansett Pier. Last season they made elaborate plans to enlarge their real estate company. The company was organized by the Narragansett Pier Realty Company. The company was capitalized for \$10,000 and James H. Connors of Fall River was taken into the corporation.

It was the formation of this business enterprise, Connors got very mad. He rushed into the Superior Court with his suit and tied up the affairs of the company for several days.

Connors alleged that Joyce and John A. Connors refused to give him the management of the business. He said that Joyce and John A. Connors had taken the management of the business from him.

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PELLETIER WILL SEEK OLD POST

Files His First Nomination Papers as Candidate, With 250 Names

Joseph C. Pelletier will be a candidate next fall for the office of district attorney of Suffolk County, from which post the Massachusetts Supreme Court removed him for misconduct.

The move of Pelletier was filed yesterday. They contained 250 names. The move of Pelletier's friends came with a suddenness starting to political foes and caused a storm of speculation.

SEEKS 15,000 NAMES. Two weeks ago the Legislature passed a bill to prevent anyone from being a district attorney in Massachusetts.

As Pelletier was disbarred as a lawyer from being a district attorney in Massachusetts, he was removed, the bill was regarded as a direct shot at him and an attempt to "head him off" in any effort to get back in power.

Friends of Pelletier said his plan was to get 15,000 signatures and file them with the Legislature, holding up its operation and giving the people of the State a chance to vote on the bill.

VOID ALSO FILES. City Councillor Francis J. W. Ford also filed nomination papers for the office of district attorney of Suffolk County. So did District Attorney Thomas C. Connelley, present incumbent, appointed by Governor Cox to serve the unfinished part of Pelletier's term.

Senator John J. Carey, a Democratic member of the Legislature, also filed nomination papers for the office of district attorney of Suffolk County.

Representative Martin Hays of the Brighton-Albany representative district, filed papers for reelection. Katherine W. Dowling, sister of John Dowling, secretary of the Finance Committee, and in her papers for the Democratic nomination in the 14th representative district.

Matthew Bullock, colored, filed papers for the Republican nomination for the House in the famous 13th district, where contests are so bitter.

BIG CHANGES IN POSTOFFICE HERE Several changes in personnel at the Boston postoffice for the betterment of the service were announced yesterday.

Charles L. Hammond was promoted to assistant postmaster in charge of mail at a salary of \$4,000. William Hurley, continuing as assistant postmaster at a salary of \$3,500.

Arthur H. Clark of Northampton was promoted to assistant postmaster in charge of mail at a salary of \$3,500. Robert N. Hanson continued as assistant postmaster in charge of mail at a salary of \$3,500.

Joseph J. Fitz of South Weymouth, a bookkeeper, was made an assistant superintendent and given a \$300 a year increase.

HARDING AND PARTY CRUISE Washington, May 27.—The President and Mrs. Harding, accompanied by a party of officials, left late today for a week-end cruise on the Albatross.

The President will return to Washington Tuesday morning in time to take part in the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial.

In the party are Secretary of War and Mrs. Weeks, Attorney General Daugherty, Secretary of the Interior, and a number of other officials.

Senator and Mrs. New, General Sawyer, the president's physician, and A. D. Lasker, chairman of the Shipping Board.

POLICEMAN TAKEN IN RAID WITH GIRL Worcester, May 27.—Margaret Lyons, pretty, seventeen, and crying from fright, and Patricia Charles A. Briston, one of the most respected officers and East Providence, were found together in the policeman's home when his superior officers forced the doors of the room and place late at night.

Charges of conduct unbecoming

a police officer were immediately preferred against him and he was suspended by Mayor Pease P. Sullivan.

The girl is the daughter of a well known family at No. 9 Lamartine street. Briston is married and the father of three children, but has not been living with them, it is understood. The raid was made by Detective Lieutenant Hurd and Anderson.

HUBBY ELOPES, WIFE FOLLOWS

Stanford, Ct., May 27.—Mrs. Samuel Hartford of Brooklyn registered at the Davenport Hotel here, served

notices on the local town clerk today that she had information that her husband had eloped with and was about to be married to Grace Hackett, a Brooklyn girl, at some city in Connecticut.

The declared her husband had married her here several years ago and that they had never been divorced. She declared the girl's mother was with her.

15 WINTER ST.

ORENBERG'S

WEDDING and GRADUATION GIFTS

NEWS OF IMPORTANCE TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THESE COMING EVENTS.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

Very Heavy and Brilliant CUT GLASS VASE \$3.99

Out Glass Sherbet Glasses, quality of glass, \$1.99

Heavy and Brilliant Out Glass Water Set, \$7.99

Out Glass Water Set, consisting of water pitcher and six glasses, \$1.99

Out Glass Grape Juice Set, \$1.99

25-Pc. American Semi-Porcelain Breakfast Set—The new row pattern, with blue, yellow, and red, \$3.99

Wedding Invitations, \$17.75

Wedding Announcements, \$14.75

Sheffield Silver Plate Tea Set, \$6.79

Handled Sheffield Silver Plated Tray, \$1.95

SELECTED ARTICLES APPROPRIATE FOR "SHOWERS" OR WHIST PRIZES

Out Glass Night Set, \$4.99

Out Glass Cracker and Cheese Dish, \$1.49

2-qt. Heavy Aluminum Sauce Pan Set, \$1.39

Out Glass Candlesticks, \$9.99

Out Glass Mixing Bowl Set, \$9.99

French Pearl Bead Necktie, \$1.19

Professional or Student Bag, genuine cowhide, \$1.49

Console Set, \$9.99

Arionette Portable Phonograph at Very Low Price, \$14.95

"The Road to Rest and Refreshment"

leads straight to the doors of **The Ambassador**

For in this, and all the Ginter Restaurants, the keen edge of your outdoors appetite is gratified.

A magnificent Italian Renaissance Room; an English Grill, cozy and snug. Your favorite delicacies, gems of French cuisine. Delightful music—courtious attendants.

And popular prices that are a revelation of "Luxury with Economy"

Popular priced a la carte service 11 A.M. to 8.30 P.M.

Blue Plate 50c Special \$1.25



The GINTER Co.

Three Restaurants Open Sunday

AMBASSADOR SEVILLE WEDGWOOD
41 Winter St., nr. Tremont 130 Boylston St., nr. Tremont 531 Washington St., nr. West

DU PONT DELUXE REGINA
40 West St., nr. Tremont 495 Washington St., nr. Temple Pl. 461 Wash. St., at Winter

Also Five BANDBOX Counter Luncheons on Tremont and Washington Streets

Spring Specials

Consomme Julienne, Rolls—15c

Cold Boiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce, Cucumber Salad, Rolls—50c

SPECIAL COMBINATION
DAILY 3 to 5.30 P. M.

Roast Beef, French Fried Potatoes, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Mayonnaise, French Fried Potatoes, French Potato or Ice Cream, Rolls, Coffee, 85c

Just the Window Shades FOR YOUR SUMMER COTTAGE

HOLLAND CLOTH 3 ft. x 6 ft. BLUE-ECRU-DRAB 37 1/2c each. \$4.25 per doz.

Parcel Post 12c Per Order.

CROWN SHADE & SCREEN CO.
44 SUBURY STREET BOSTON, MASS.

BRAVE, GETTIGAN'S WIFE, DECLARES HE'S INNOCENT

Young Wife Near Collapse as Time Approaches for Her to Appear Before Jury—Defends Husband Accused of Killing Aunt.

By MINNIE BROWN.

Play much the prisoner on trial for his life, but play the prisoner's wife, his bride of one year—oh! so much more.

The first week of the trial of J. Thomas Gettigan, hovers grocer, for the alleged murder of his wealthy aunt by arsenic, finds Gettigan with the same bloom in his full cheeks, the same light in his blue eyes, the same undimmed smile.

But the large, black eyes of his bride are branded with brownish shadows; her white face is pinched and anguished. Days before she must face the jury to try to save the man she loves, she is ready to collapse.

Patetic was the scene between Gettigan and his wife in the presence of the jury yesterday. Attorney Rose Wallworth, former Mayor of Haver, who is defending Gettigan, also was in the cell. And it was there.

The first thing, I asked the court, my prisoner was how he had met his only, even happily, as Commonwealth witnesses were to demand—several separation—some.

"I am an innocent man and I believe the jury will believe me," the prisoner continued thrice, then he said to his wife, "My dear, I love you, I love you, I love you."

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he said to his wife, "My dear, I love you, I love you, I love you."

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STAR OF "SALLY" AND FIANCÉ, PICKFORD



Two recent portraits of Marilyn Miller, star of "Sally", and her fiancé, Jack Chose, whom she says she chose from 10,000 men who have loved her.

MARILYN CHOSE JACK FROM 10,000 SUITORS

Continued from First Page.

Then her gloomy little mouth flashed into a radiant smile.

"It's from Jack," she announced. "That's the fourth one that's come today."

She bounded up, and across the room, to produce a picture of her Mary's famous little girl from Jack.

"A loving man," observed Marilyn. "A great consolation. And what I'd do without my sweetheart I don't know."

"You know, my dear, I could have married any man in New York—millionaires or billionaires. But I'm a bit particular. Frank (Frank Carter, her first husband and an actor) was the finest man on earth. When he was killed, I wished I could die."

"But, you know, dear, I was so young and young just must have love. It was a year ago this summer that I met Jack at Long Island. He and Frank had been good friends, and Frank was very fond of Olive Thomas, Jack's poor little dead wife. I'd never met Olive, but I knew most of her friends, and so I felt about that I'd known her too."

"I suppose it was our common bereavement that drew Jack and me together. From the very beginning we became wonderful friends. We both like the same things, you see—dancing, swimming, horse-riding, tennis, the theatre—all our interests are identical."

"A little while later, Jack went out to the coast, but he returned out to see me. And when Mary and Doug had their little legal squabble, he came on to be with them. His months ago we became engaged. This is my engagement ring."

And Marilyn flashed a gleaming white diamond, a square stone, as large as her finger nail, and worked a king's ransom.

Jack gave me wonderful things. That gold toilet set on the dressing table was a gift from him. I think it's the loveliest set a girl ever had. And this string of jade he gave me last week."

Marilyn dimpled like a naughty kid.

"My dear," she announced, "he was here from Wednesday till Monday! At the theatre every night, and here at the hotel with me every single minute. We were asked to death some one of your reporters would see us, and guess our secret. We'd intended not to tell for a long time, but all this wretched publicity about Mr. Kahlitzky and my pictures made me so dreadfully angry that I just blurted out the truth about Jack and me."

GOING INTO MOVIES.

"We're not going to be married for ages. He'll stay in pictures and I'll stay on the stage—so we probably won't see much of each other. We are going to have one home on Long Island, and one in California—and we'll just dash back and forth when we get home. You know I think people are happier, if they don't see too much of each other."

"Jack wants me to go in the movies, so probably I will—just once. I think the theatre—all our interests are identical."

"A little while later, Jack went out to the coast, but he returned out to see me. And when Mary and Doug had their little legal squabble, he came on to be with them. His months ago we became engaged. This is my engagement ring."

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POLITICS BARRED AT BREAKFASTS

Fraternal Explosion Is Expected Over Ban by Catholic Societies

Political leaders in all parts of the State are daily awaiting the crash of the biggest fraternal explosion in the history of this particular section of the country, because of the difference of opinion coming from leaders of Roman Catholic societies that further "speech-making" by political candidates at regular meetings and breakfasts is banned.

This became known yesterday when several local and county officials received letters calling on them to discontinue their political engagements at the breakfasts and regular meetings of Catholic societies, particularly in Suffolk County.

Several of the candidates have received the cancelling notices approved of the policies of the National State officers. Others have indicated a move by "clever" politics" connected with the various orders to corner the fraternal vote for certain candidates.

Those "in the know" charge the orders to the recent clash between Mayor Curley and Martin Lomasney, when the former paid his "respects" to the Ward 8 leader at a Knights of Columbus meeting intended as a reception to one of the local leaders of the Catholic Church.

Others insist it is because of the break in K. of C. circles over the recent announcement that Joseph C. Pollack was again to enter politics in an effort to regain his position as District Attorney.

7-YEAR-FIGHT FOR ENO MILLIONS ENDS

New York, May 27.—After a seven-year battle in the courts, contest of the will of Amos P. Eno, who left more than half his \$1,000,000 estate to Columbia University, has been settled. Details were not revealed.

Mr. Eno's relatives contended he had been manipulated by Columbia and in leaving money to the university showed he was mentally incompetent. The court, however, in its favor, but new trials were ordered.

MATHILDE'S FIANCÉ COMING HERE

Chicago, May 27.—Max Oser, horseman of Zurich, Switzerland, whose engagement to Miss Mathilde McCormick, seventeen-year-old daughter of Harold F. McCormick, started society when it was announced several months ago, plans to come to Chicago in June. According to reports, Miss McCormick prepared to leave today for New York with Miss Julia Mansfield, Zurich, who sails for Europe next week. It has been expected that Miss McCormick would return to Switzerland with her friend, but Miss Mansfield sails alone. It was said.

FULL BENCH TO ACT ON COAKLEY SUIT

The suit of Mayor Herman to recover \$50,000 which he alleges Daniel H. Coakley extorted from him will be referred to the full bench of the Supreme Court because Judge De Courcy doubts the grounds for a demurrer entered by Coakley.

"DAYS IN PARADISE"

A marvelous fiction story—a romance of a kind never before told—a fitting sequel to "The Shell."

Begin in Next SUNDAY'S ADVERTISER

BRIDE ACCUSED OF KILLING PRIEST

Chicago, May 27.—Charles Mayes, 34, former janitor at St. Florence Roman Catholic Church, and his bride today were held by the police for interrogation in connection with the slaying of Rev. Francis Chabrowski, who was supposedly slain in a slaying by a burglar four months ago.

The arrests were made when the police learned the priest had advised Mayes the couple and that she had wed in another parish.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Government Surplus

And Other Supplies

GUARANTEE Each and every article to be as represented. Money refunded on return of goods.

PILLOW SLIPS New, unshaded, 20x30. 25c. Underwear, new, 25c. Cotton Socks, all sizes, new, 10c.

Cats, Steel, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 10c. 3 1/2 x 4 1/2, 15c. 4 1/2 x 5 1/2, 20c. 5 1/2 x 6 1/2, 25c. 6 1/2 x 7 1/2, 30c. 7 1/2 x 8 1/2, 35c. 8 1/2 x 9 1/2, 40c. 9 1/2 x 10 1/2, 45c. 10 1/2 x 11 1/2, 50c. 11 1/2 x 12 1/2, 55c. 12 1/2 x 13 1/2, 60c. 13 1/2 x 14 1/2, 65c. 14 1/2 x 15 1/2, 70c. 15 1/2 x 16 1/2, 75c. 16 1/2 x 17 1/2, 80c. 17 1/2 x 18 1/2, 85c. 18 1/2 x 19 1/2, 90c. 19 1/2 x 20 1/2, 95c. 20 1/2 x 21 1/2, 1.00. 21 1/2 x 22 1/2, 1.05. 22 1/2 x 23 1/2, 1.10. 23 1/2 x 24 1/2, 1.15. 24 1/2 x 25 1/2, 1.20. 25 1/2 x 26 1/2, 1.25. 26 1/2 x 27 1/2, 1.30. 27 1/2 x 28 1/2, 1.35. 28 1/2 x 29 1/2, 1.40. 29 1/2 x 30 1/2, 1.45. 30 1/2 x 31 1/2, 1.50. 31 1/2 x 32 1/2, 1.55. 32 1/2 x 33 1/2, 1.60. 33 1/2 x 34 1/2, 1.65. 34 1/2 x 35 1/2, 1.70. 35 1/2 x 36 1/2, 1.75. 36 1/2 x 37 1/2, 1.80. 37 1/2 x 38 1/2, 1.85. 38 1/2 x 39 1/2, 1.90. 39 1/2 x 40 1/2, 1.95. 40 1/2 x 41 1/2, 2.00. 41 1/2 x 42 1/2, 2.05. 42 1/2 x 43 1/2, 2.10. 43 1/2 x 44 1/2, 2.15. 44 1/2 x 45 1/2, 2.20. 45 1/2 x 46 1/2, 2.25. 46 1/2 x 47 1/2, 2.30. 47 1/2 x 48 1/2, 2.35. 48 1/2 x 49 1/2, 2.40. 49 1/2 x 50 1/2, 2.45. 50 1/2 x 51 1/2, 2.50. 51 1/2 x 52 1/2, 2.55. 52 1/2 x 53 1/2, 2.60. 53 1/2 x 54 1/2, 2.65. 54 1/2 x 55 1/2, 2.70. 55 1/2 x 56 1/2, 2.75. 56 1/2 x 57 1/2, 2.80. 57 1/2 x 58 1/2, 2.85. 58 1/2 x 59 1/2, 2.90. 59 1/2 x 60 1/2, 2.95. 60 1/2 x 61 1/2, 3.00. 61 1/2 x 62 1/2, 3.05. 62 1/2 x 63 1/2, 3.10. 63 1/2 x 64 1/2, 3.15. 64 1/2 x 65 1/2, 3.20. 65 1/2 x 66 1/2, 3.25. 66 1/2 x 67 1/2, 3.30. 67 1/2 x 68 1/2, 3.35. 68 1/2 x 69 1/2, 3.40. 69 1/2 x 70 1/2, 3.45. 70 1/2 x 71 1/2, 3.50. 71 1/2 x 72 1/2, 3.55. 72 1/2 x 73 1/2, 3.60. 73 1/2 x 74 1/2, 3.65. 74 1/2 x 75 1/2, 3.70. 75 1/2 x 76 1/2, 3.75. 76 1/2 x 77 1/2, 3.80. 77 1/2 x 78 1/2, 3.85. 78 1/2 x 79 1/2, 3.90. 79 1/2 x 80 1/2, 3.95. 80 1/2 x 81 1/2, 4.00. 81 1/2 x 82 1/2, 4.05. 82 1/2 x 83 1/2, 4.10. 83 1/2 x 84 1/2, 4.15. 84 1/2 x 85 1/2, 4.20. 85 1/2 x 86 1/2, 4.25. 86 1/2 x 87 1/2, 4.30. 87 1/2 x 88 1/2, 4.35. 88 1/2 x 89 1/2, 4.40. 89 1/2 x 90 1/2, 4.45. 90 1/2 x 91 1/2, 4.50. 91 1/2 x 92 1/2, 4.55. 92 1/2 x 93 1/2, 4.60. 93 1/2 x 94 1/2, 4.65. 94 1/2 x 95 1/2, 4.70. 95 1/2 x 96 1/2, 4.75. 96 1/2 x 97 1/2, 4.80. 97 1/2 x 98 1/2, 4.85. 98 1/2 x 99 1/2, 4.90. 99 1/2 x 100 1/2, 4.95. 100 1/2 x 101 1/2, 5.00. 101 1/2 x 102 1/2, 5.05. 102 1/2 x 103 1/2, 5.10. 103 1/2 x 104 1/2, 5.15. 104 1/2 x 105 1/2, 5.20. 105 1/2 x 106 1/2, 5.25. 106 1/2 x 107 1/2, 5.30. 107 1/2 x 108 1/2, 5.35. 108 1/2 x 109 1/2, 5.40. 109 1/2 x 110 1/2, 5.45. 110 1/2 x 111 1/2, 5.50. 111 1/2 x 112 1/2, 5.55. 112 1/2 x 113 1/2, 5.60. 113 1/2 x 114 1/2, 5.65. 114 1/2 x 115 1/2, 5.70. 115 1/2 x 116 1/2, 5.75. 116 1/2 x 117 1/2, 5.80. 117 1/2 x 118 1/2, 5.85. 118 1/2 x 119 1/2, 5.90. 119 1/2 x 120 1/2, 5.95. 120 1/2 x 121 1/2, 6.00. 121 1/2 x 122 1/2, 6.05. 122 1/2 x 123 1/2, 6.10. 123 1/2 x 124 1/2, 6.15. 124 1/2 x 125 1/2, 6.20. 125 1/2 x 126 1/2, 6.25. 126 1/2 x 127 1/2, 6.30. 127 1/2 x 128 1/2, 6.35. 128 1/2 x 129 1/2, 6.40. 129 1/2 x 130 1/2, 6.45. 130 1/2 x 131 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WILL HEAD OFF MORSE IN FLIGHT

Orders Received Here to Ask for Warrant for Financier

MEETS SONS; FEARS PLOT TO GET AWAY

All Three to Be Sent to New York Court Jurisdiction

The Department of Justice at Washington was notified yesterday that Charles W. Morse was planning to sail for Halifax on a vessel of the National Steamship line.

The operative who communicated this information by long distance telephone had Morse under constant surveillance. The operative was instructed to communicate with the Federal attorney here, and it is expected to prevent Morse from sailing, to obtain a warrant and have the United States marshal serve it.

Morse is understood to have come from his home in Maine to Boston Friday night. He held a conference here with his two sons, and it was understood that the plot planned to leave the jurisdiction of the United States courts at the same time. Instructed to prevent their departure.

So far as could be learned from United States officials here, no warrant for the arrest either of Morse or his sons was sought.

United States Attorney Robert O. Harris said he had received a telegram at 5 o'clock instructing him to arrest Morse and his two sons for their flight to the New York jurisdiction. Mr. Harris referred a reporter to Assistant Marshal James A. Tigue. Tigue was out of town and could not be reached.

Lawrence M. Letherman, chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, who is at his home in Malden, declared that he had received no orders to arrest Morse.

From other sources, it was learned that application for warrant was made to U. S. Commissioner Hayes, but no warrant was issued.

The older Morse and his two sons. It was stated, are under orders to appear in New York to attend the trial of the former who is under indictment there. Benjamin, one of the sons, is under bonds here in Boston to appear June 1 for removal for trial in New York.

Predicts Removal of Attorney General

Washington, May 27.—Continuing his attack on Attorney General Daugherty in the Senate today, Senator Caraway charged that attempts are being made to intimidate into silence the Attorney General's critics by having Department of Justice agents shadow them.

Senator Caraway read the following telegram which he said he had received from J. H. Anderson of Little Rock, in his own State, "a man whose word would be accepted anywhere."

"Man here by the name of Matthews representing Attorney General Daugherty tonight issued a 2,000-word statement reviewing the record of the physicians who examined Morse on which President Taft acted in granting a commutation, and also a large number of petitions in his behalf. Among the signatures of these petitions were many members of the Senate and House, Democrats as well as Republicans."

Repeating his charge that fraud was committed in getting Morse's commutation, Senator Caraway asserted in the Senate that "if the statements can be believed that are made by members of Congress of his own party, he (Daugherty) has betrayed this Administration just as he betrayed the Administration of President Taft."

The Senator added: "I shall be much mistaken if the President does not eliminate the Attorney General from his Cabinet."

In further support of his charge of attempted intimidation of members of Congress, Senator Caraway said a woman holding a responsible position in the Department of Justice called at his office yesterday and informed him that agents of the Department were following members of both the Senate and House. The woman's name was not given, but the Senator said she was "ready to risk her position by testifying if a Congressional investigation is ordered."

The Senator also quoted from an open letter addressed to the Attorney General by Captain H. J. Leaking on May 4, charging that Department of Justice agents had been assigned to trail Representative Woodruff and Johnson, the Soldier-Congressman who is pressing for an investigation of war frauds. The letter charged further that out of the agents assigned Woodruff's mail.

USE U. S. TRANSPORT AS "BULLION SHIP"

Chilmark, May 27.—Two million dollars, largely in silver bullion, received from the sale of government property, is being taken to the United States on the transport Somers.

World Dry in Five Years, Says "Pussyfoot"

By Universal Service
Washington, May 27.

"THE world will be bone dry in five years!"

This was the prediction of William E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson in an address at Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League.

Rev. George W. Morrow announced the opening of a five-year campaign for funds to carry on the work of the "World's League Against Alcoholism."

BACK WILLIAMS FOR DIST. ATTY.

Papers Out for Assistant in Norfolk-Plymouth Counties

Friends of Harold P. Williams of Brookline are circulating nomination papers for district attorney in the assistant for Norfolk-Plymouth Counties.

Mr. Williams, assistant district attorney for four years, has built up a wide acquaintance in both counties, having prosecuted many capital cases. He assisted District Attorney Kahnman in convicting Sacco and Vanzetti for first degree murder.

Mr. Williams was born in Foxboro, October 2, 1887, and was graduated from Foxboro school. He moved to Brookline when a boy and was graduated from the High School. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1909 and in 1910 from Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the bar the same year and has since been associated with his father, Fred H. Williams, at No. 89 Congress street, under the name of Williams & Company.

Mr. Williams is considered one of the ablest young trial lawyers in the state.

He is married and resides in Brookline and is a member of American Bar Association, Norfolk County Bar Association, member of Harvard Club, Brae Burn Country Club and is active in Masonic circles.

Assistant District Attorney William D. Kane of Brookline, also is seeking the Republican nomination.

ACQUIT MINE LEADER OF TREASON CHARGE

Charlottesville, W. Va., May 27.—William Hinzard, charged with treason in connection with the armed march of miners on Logan county, Pa., was found not guilty by a jury here tonight.

Senator Caraway read the following telegram which he said he had received from J. H. Anderson of Little Rock, in his own State, "a man whose word would be accepted anywhere."

"Man here by the name of Matthews representing Attorney General Daugherty tonight issued a 2,000-word statement reviewing the record of the physicians who examined Morse on which President Taft acted in granting a commutation, and also a large number of petitions in his behalf. Among the signatures of these petitions were many members of the Senate and House, Democrats as well as Republicans."

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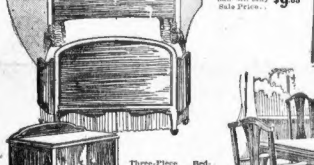
Extraordinary May Sale of Fine Furniture at Summerfields



De Luxe Three-Piece Parlor or Living Room Suite—Fine grade of mahogany with velvet upholstered. Seats 12. Price \$138.50



Reading Art Lamp—Mahogany finish, decorated with inlaid glass. Price \$9.95



Three-Piece Bedroom Suite (Picture)—Mahogany finish, upholstered in velvet. Price \$98.50



Double Day Bed—Mahogany finish, upholstered in velvet. Price \$8.75



Queen Anne Walnut Dining Suite—Extension Dining Table, Buffet, three side chairs and two end chairs. Price \$132.50



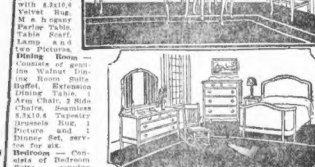
Queen Anne Walnut Dining Suite—Extension Dining Table, Buffet, three side chairs and two end chairs. Price \$132.50



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Our 1922 Four Room "Love Nest" COMPLETELY FURNISHED \$589



Parlor—Complete of mahogany with velvet upholstered. Seats 12. Price \$138.50



Reading Art Lamp—Mahogany finish, decorated with inlaid glass. Price \$9.95



Three-Piece Bedroom Suite (Picture)—Mahogany finish, upholstered in velvet. Price \$98.50



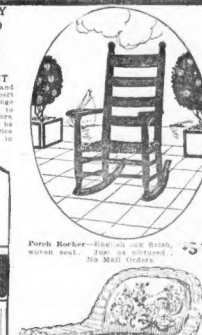
Double Day Bed—Mahogany finish, upholstered in velvet. Price \$8.75



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Perhaps now—before the wedding bells ring out and the happy marriage takes place, you are thinking about your future home.

We have offered helpful suggestions to hundreds of young matrons who have been desirous of having a charming home, and at a limited expenditure of money.

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Who does not take just pride in the virtue of his own? We'll establish credit? Who is not rightfully proud of a name, which entitles him to a page on the ledgers of representative business concerns, and is, thereby, able to possess a larger share of life's comforts—and to smooth the track of the day's toil?

This is constructive credit.

Most house furnishing concerns throughout the country for many years have encouraged "long-time" buying; and many, no doubt, to an extent possibly detrimental to the good credit of those to whom it had been extended—Offering and selling "easy terms"—but little else.

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You can arrange to pay for your purchases by monthly installments in convenient amounts, extending your payment over any satisfactory period. No interest, no extras.

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 If you don't get an award the first time, send it in again — every day if you want to. Some day it might be more fortunate than others submitted that day.

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Is It Fortunate?

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To the Boston Daily Advertiser,
309 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

Please start delivering the Daily Advertiser to me at the address given below until ordered discontinued. I will pay your carrier boy at the regular carrier rate.

Signed

Street

Apartment

City

Just sign this coupon, cut it out and mail it to Gertrude Halstead, Fortunate Name Editor, 309 Washington St., Boston, (8), Mass.

Fortunate Name Coupon

THE DAILY ADVERTISER
FORTUNATE NAMES

Money in Them—Send in Yours

NAME FATHER'S NAME MOTHER'S NAME

First First First

Middle Middle Middle

Last Last Maiden

DATE OF BIRTH

ADDRESS

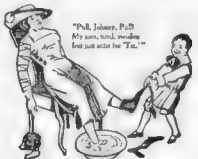
BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER

SCHOOLBOYS ACCUSED AS HOLDUP MEN

Greenfield, May 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Four boys, aged from 12 to 15, were arrested yesterday by the Greenfield police on charges of holding up a man in a car.

"TIZ" FOR FEET

Instant Relief for Sore, Tired, Tender or Aching Feet



You're footsick! Your feet feel sore, tired, puffed up, chafed, aching, and they need "Tiz". "Tiz" makes feet remarkably fresh and sore-proof. "Tiz" takes the pain and burn right out of corns, callouses and bunions. "Tiz" is the greatest foot-gladdenner the world has.

Get a box of "Tiz" at any drug store and end foot torture for a few cents. Never have tired, aching, sore, smelly feet; your shoes will shine and you'll only wish you had "Tiz" sooner. Accept no substitutes. **WALTER LUTHER DODGE CO., New York, N. Y.**

car came along, and this was the first time since the accident that he had been able to get out of the car. He was then taken to the hospital, where he died.

COOLIDGE TAKES A Chance and Wins, at Wheel

Philadelphia, May 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Coolidge today won a box of 100 cigarettes and a check for \$100 in a wheel of fortune.

This is the first time since the accident that he had been able to get out of the car. He was then taken to the hospital, where he died.

Dr. Charles W. Elliot, president of the Harvard University, and the Rev. Charles Edward Park, D. D., will speak at the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Abraham Lincoln next Wednesday afternoon at the building of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

WEBBER TO WED WORCESTER GIRL

Abraham C. Webber of Schuyler street, Roxbury, former Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County and Miss Sylvia M. Worcester of Worcester, a violinist, are to be married.

Home, May 27.—Although the general strike here has been called off, fighting between the Postmen and the Communists because of the street fighting which occurred Wednesday is continuing.

MINIMUM PAY B. G. PURDY IS LAW OPPOSED NOT GUILTY

Philadelphia, May 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Coolidge today won a box of 100 cigarettes and a check for \$100 in a wheel of fortune.

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2 MEMORIAL SERVICES INCORPORATED TODAY

For the first time, there will be two Memorial Sunday services in historic Concord this morning. James J. Murdock, first, No. 121 American Legion and its Woman's Auxiliary will attend at Bernard's Church, while the Old Concord Post, No. 105, G. A. R., corporate High F. Homer Camp, No. 4, United English War Veterans, and Company H, 184th Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, will attend at the First Parish Church.

WOMAN LEADING CHILD HELD AS 'DIP'

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UNABLE TO WALK FROM RHEUMATISM CLAIMS WELDONA MADE HIM WELL

Boston, May 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Weldon, who was unable to walk for several months because of rheumatism, claims to be well after taking a course of treatment.

FREEED ON LARCENY CHARGE IN JACK O' LANTERN CASE

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LAWRENCE STRIKER, DAD OF 8, EVICTED

Lawrence May 27.—His appeal to the court to be allowed to remain in his home with his family of eight children has been refused. The court has ordered him to leave the premises.

BODY OF LILLIAN WHITE IDENTIFIED

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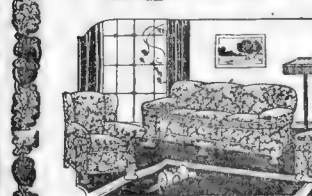
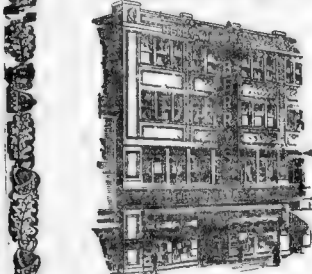
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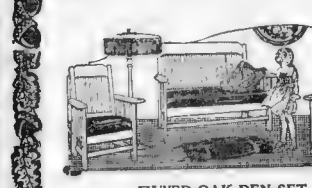
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Boston, May 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Weldon, who was unable to walk for several months because of rheumatism, claims to be well after taking a course of treatment.

Four Minutes From Park St., Boston



Beautiful Oventuffed Suite With Fireside Chair Of full spring construction; large sofa with deep, comfortable cushions and backs, together with chair and rocker to match. Covered in an exceptionally pretty design of "high-grade tapestry." PRICE **\$169**

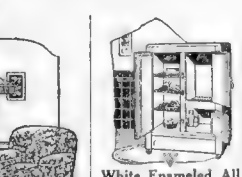


FUMED OAK DEN SET Upholstered in Genuine Leather Large sofa with chair and rocker to match. Finely constructed in a dark fumed finish and automobile spring cushion seats. PRICE **\$45**

LIBERAL DEFERRED PAYMENTS MAY BE ARRANGED

Our Store at Central Square, Cambridge -- Because of Its Low Rent Location -- Not Only Guarantees You a Big Reduction Under Boston Prices, But Is Also More Easily Reached Than Most Boston Stores

Shopping at Central Sq., Cambridge, is becoming more and more popular, it having an especial appeal to those persons who are not only looking for the lowest prices but who also like to shop in comfort and safety. Only Four Minutes Away from the Heart of Boston, Which Means the Highest Rent in New England, We Claim That Our Selection and Our Low Rent Prices Cannot Be Duplicated. We Are Proving This Statement to the Satisfaction of Thousands of New Englanders Every Year. Why Not You? Take Cambridge Tunnel Train—Only Two Stops.



White Enameled All Over Triple door refrigerator, finished in white enamel both inside and out. Wire shelves and patent air trap. PRICE **\$24.00**



SPECIAL FOR ONE WEEK ONLY This large oak dresser in a highly polished golden oak finish. Very well made. PRICE **\$10.98**

50% Off on all HIGH GRADE TRUNKS For one week only we will offer a 50% discount on all high-grade trunks. PRICE **\$12.50**



Rattan Seated PORCH ROCKERS Built for comfort, with interwoven rattan seat and broad arms. PRICE **\$3.50**

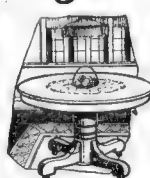


Genuine Hub Brand BRASS BED In satin, velvet and poet finish; may be had in all sizes. Each bed guaranteed. PRICE **\$9.50**

Furnish Your Bedroom at a Low Rent Price Suite consists of chair, bed, dresser and toilet table, exceptionally pretty designs in mahogany or ivory. PRICE **\$89**

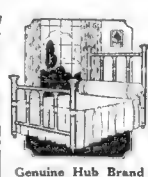


Special Hewwood and Wakefield REED ROCKER Large size, walnut finish, upholstered in a finely cretonne. PRICE **\$12.50**



OAK DINING TABLE 40-inch dining table, extending to 5 feet. Made of solid oak in a golden finish. PRICE **\$10.00**

Beautiful 50-Piece DINNER SETS In the very latest designs and handsomely decorated. A limited number only at this price. PRICE **\$10.98**

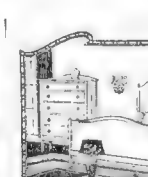


Only a Few More of These Dining Suites Left Consists of buffet, extension table and a set of six chairs to match; Queen Anne design in a rich golden oak finish; china cabinet and serving table extra. PRICE (8 pcs.) **\$117**



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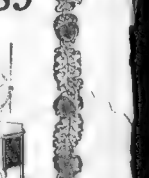


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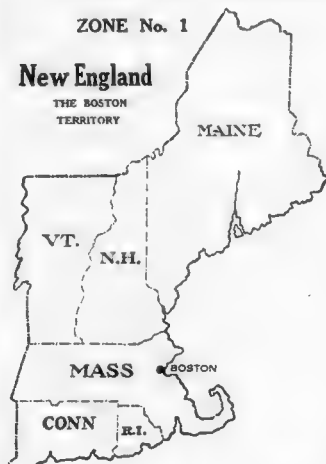
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Perry's

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention
Main Store 505-507 Massachusetts Ave.,
Branch No. 1—96-98 Moody Street, Waltham
Branch No. 2—1 Davis Square, Somerville
Branch No. 3—325-328 Main Street, Malden
CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE
OPEN MONDAY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS

New England Is Boston

No other section of the United States is dominated by one city and by one newspaper as are the six New England States by the City of Boston and the BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER



New England is the Most Compact and Prosperous Territory in the United States—Embodies all the Requirements for Economical and Efficient Distribution of Merchandise

The New England territory (six States)—merchandising zone No. 1—has 7,400,909 people in an area of 61,976 square miles—population per square mile, 119.4.

The New England territory has only 2 percent of the land area of the United States and 7 percent of the total population, but it has 40 percent of the savings of the entire United States, and produces one-seventh of the goods manufactured in the United States.

There are no long jumps for salesmen and the process of securing distribution is comparatively simple. Boston is only four hours from the western limit of New England and about eight hours from the northern boundary.

This great New England territory—79 percent urban—is covered most thoroughly and economically by the Boston Sunday Advertiser.

With its tremendous circulation—the largest of any newspaper in New England, morning, evening or Sunday, it enables advertisers to reach one out of every four families in New England.

NEW ENGLANDERS look upon Boston as their metropolis. It is the hub of New England, financially, industrially and commercially.

The six New England States are classed as Federal Reserve District Number One, with headquarters in Boston.

New Englanders are guided by Boston stock and market quotations.

Boston wholesalers and jobbers cover all of New England—it is their territory.

The men and women of the six New England States—New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts—look to Boston for guidance in their purchases. The vogue in Boston is the vogue throughout New England.

The large retail establishments of Boston deliver merchandise to customers in all parts of New England. The large retail grocers, for instance, have truck delivery to customers twenty-five and thirty miles out—on perishable foodstuffs. For other merchandise these grocers have parcel post and express delivery to customers in all parts of New England. These people all come to Boston to buy.

The leading furniture stores of Boston have deliveries to all parts of New England—it is their territory.

New Englanders keep in close touch with Boston. It is easy for them to do so. Distances are short. They come to Boston frequently—and they read the Boston Sunday Advertiser regularly. It is their newspaper. More New England people read the Boston Sunday Advertiser than any other newspaper—morning, evening or Sunday.

Boston Sunday Advertiser—Largest Circulation of any Morning, Evening or Sunday newspaper in New England—Greatest Advertising Medium—Reaches One Out of Every Four Families

THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER IS READ BY AND INFLUENCES MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN NEW ENGLAND, MORNING, EVENING OR SUNDAY.

416,358, OR MORE THAN ONE-FOURTH OF ALL THE FAMILIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

READ THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER REGULARLY.

The Boston Sunday Advertiser wields a powerful influence on business in Greater Boston, the 26 other main merchandising and distributing centers in New England—and it covers all the other important cities and towns (575 of them) throughout New England.

Lowest Rate Per 1000 Lines Per 1000 Circulation		
Lowest Milline Rate		
Paper	Circulation	Rate R. O. P.
Boston Sunday Advertiser	416,358	.55
Boston Sunday Post	401,797	.55
Boston Sunday Globe	322,907	.55
Boston Sunday Herald	115,201	.30

Write for complete information regarding this most profitable and economical method of advertising in New England.

A Merchandising and Research Department is at your service

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

Largest Net Paid (416,358) Circulation in New England

SCIENCE TO TEST EINSTEIN THEORY AT COMING ECLIPSE

World's Ablest Observers Go to Australia and Christmas Island to Make Incontrovertible Studies When Part of Earth Is in the Shadow for a Few Minutes Next September.

London, May 27.—In the early morning of September 21 next, by Greenwich time, the sun will be totally eclipsed for rather more than three hours along a belt of the earth about 125 miles wide and stretching from the east coast of Africa, in Somaliland, to a point in the Pacific ocean some 1,600 miles east of Australia.

With the exception of a small region of Somaliland and the continent of Australia the only dry land from which the total phase will be visible consists of a few small islands in the Indian ocean, and at no place will totality last as long as six minutes. But in the short time available astronomers who have made preparations for viewing the phenomenon from selected islands and stations in Australia are hoping to make observations and take photographs of the eclipsed sun which will materially help forward the science of solar physics.

As Christmas Island is not centrally situated in the belt during which the approximately circular shadow of the moon will pass direct over the local place, but is only thirty miles north of the central line, the duration of totality will be only 2 1/2 minutes. But the hope will hang there at all events, and with everything prepared in the best manner, several photographs will be taken if the weather is favorable.

Subsequently these photographs will be carefully measured by the refined methods available at Greenwich, and the position of the stars shown on them compared with those of the same stars on other photographs taken at Greenwich when the sun was in another position. The light of the stars therefore unaffected by the sun's gravitational field.

This will be the second occasion on which Einstein's prediction has been tested during a total eclipse. The previous occasion was in May, 1919, when, owing to the sudden termination of the war providing an unexpected opportunity, the Greenwich expedition which went to West Africa and South America for the purpose had to use instruments the reliability of which was untried, and though the photographs then obtained showed stellar displacements in close agreement with the predicted amount, they were not generally accepted by scientists as an absolutely corroborative of Einstein's theory.

ELABORATE PRECAUTION. But on this occasion the most elaborate precautions have been made to ensure that the observations will be made in the most favorable manner possible, every source of error being eliminated.

By permission of the British admiralty the British air force is assisting the expedition at Christmas Island, and the navy is providing the necessary transport and other facilities. The expedition is expected to leave for the island in the early part of the month.

This will enable the cameras, attached to the expedition, to be used to take photographs of the sun and moon, and to take photographs of the stars, which will be used to test Einstein's theory.

In 1919 the expedition was composed of a number of astronomers, and the results of their observations were published in a number of scientific journals. The expedition was led by Sir Frank Dyson, and the results of their observations were published in a number of scientific journals.

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BAY STATE WINS ESSAY HONORS

Washington, May 27.—A Springfield teacher and public school pupil won first honors in the national essay contest on "How I Can Make the Highways More Safe."

The pupil is Ward Hurst of No. 18 Johnson street, whose manuscript now represents Massachusetts before the National Essay Committee.

The teacher is Miss Margaret C. Tilla, instructor in the Continuation School. Her lesson is before the National Lesson Committee for consideration in the award of three grand prizes, Brookline; Joel Levenson, No. 48 Hillside avenue, Arlington Heights; James O'Connor, St. Mary's school, Mattituck, N. Y.; and George C. Woolley, Charles Henry road, No. 12 North Main street, Natick.

prizes. Hurst's prize was a gold medal and \$15 in cash. A bronze medal and \$5 in cash was awarded to each of the following pupils: Esther F. Warren, No. 11 Elliot street, Newton Highlands; Catherine L. Berry, No. 48 Hillside avenue, Arlington Heights; James O'Connor, St. Mary's school, Mattituck, N. Y.; and George C. Woolley, Charles Henry road, No. 12 North Main street, Natick.

MOLLER'S Warehouse Removal Sale

Six Minutes From
Boston by
Cambridge Subway

Rather than to move present reserve stocks into our large new fireproof warehouse now nearing completion, we will hold this startling Warehouse Removal Sale, offering furniture of standard quality for every room in the home in many cases

At Half Former Prices

Half million dollar stock of Furniture, Rugs and Draperies to be sold at prices guaranteed the lowest in Greater Boston for Cash or Credit—10% Discount for Cash.

For those about to commence housekeeping we have prepared for a GREAT JUNE DRIVE IN

Complete Home Outfits

Bring the prospective June Bride to this most remarkable sale. Select the complete Home Outfits displayed on our floors as described on this page, or make your own selection from our half million dollar stocks conveniently displayed on our six large floors.

THIS HANDSOME FOUR-ROOM
OUTFIT COMPLETE FOR \$562

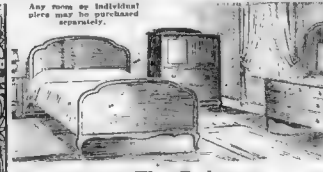
—THE LOWEST PRICE YET FOR
A FINE QUALITY OUTFIT



The Living Room
—Three-Piece Overlaid
Sofa, in Tapestry
—Sofa, Chair and Wing Chair
—Accumulator Rug
—Mahogany Table
—Floor Lamp and Shade



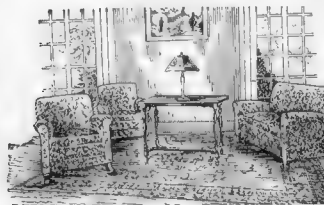
The Dining Room
—Walnut Buffet
—Walnut Extension Table
—4 Chairs in Leather
—Tapestry Rug, 8.3x10.6



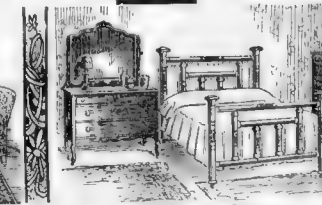
The Bedroom
—Walnut Bureau
—Walnut Chest of Drawers
—Walnut Bed
—Silk Floor Mattress
—National Spring
—Fibre Rug, 8.3x10.6

THE KITCHEN Included, but Not Illustrated —Fitted with a 3-Door Refrigerator, Porcelain Top Table, 2 Chairs and Linoleum Rug

A GOOD OUTFIT TO START
HOUSEKEEPING WITH \$223 —3 ROOMS COMPLETELY FURNISHED with GOOD FURNITURE



The Living Room
—Three-Piece Tapestry Suite
—Sofa, Chair and Rocker
—Mahogany Table
—Tapestry Rug, 8.3x10.6
—Table Lamp, fitted for Electricity or Gas



The Bedroom
—Simmons Brass Bed
—Simmons Spring
—Simmons Mattress
—American Walnut Bureau
—American Walnut Chest of Drawers



The Kitchen
—Refrigerator, White Enamel Lining
—Porcelain Top Table
—Table
—Two Chairs

A THREE-ROOM OUTFIT AT \$165 —LIVING ROOM, BEDROOM, KITCHEN, of Standard Quality

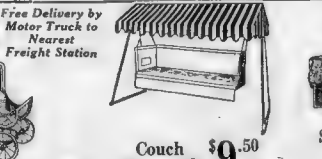
The Living Room
—Three-Piece Library Suite
—Mahogany Table
—Two Framed Pictures
—Table Lamp, for gas or electricity

The Bedroom
—Baroque Walnut Finished Bed
—Simmons Spring
—Cotton Mattress
—Walnut Bureau

The Kitchen
—Refrigerator, White Enamel Lining
—Table
—Two Chairs
Any room or individual piece may be purchased separately.



Reed Arm Chair \$12.50 with Cushion
Also Arm Rocker, including back and seat, cushions of cotton.



Couch Hammock \$9.50
High-grade khaki colored duck, Cham strong, steel frame, National fabric springs and soft top box mattress.



Simmons Day Bed \$10
A metal day bed that makes into a double bed—fabric spring, good mattress and valance in cretonne.



Cambridge Refrigerator \$19
Height, 48 in.; width, 30 in.; ice capacity, 50 lbs.; white enamel-lined interior, a remarkable value.

Free Delivery by Motor Truck to Freight Station
No Mail, Telephone, or C. O. D. Orders
This \$25.00 Reed Stroller
Brown, gray or natural finish, Printz-cord upholstery, steel wheels, rubber tires.

The longest display of strollers and carriages in New England.
Standard and Canopy extra.
Other Couch Hammocks, in cretonne and other gay fabrics, at \$9.50 to \$27.50.

Other Day Beds up to \$55.
One Block From Central Sq.—Mass. Ave., at Main St.

CAMBRIDGE

For Father or Son For Mother or Daughter

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Dr. True's Elixir

The True Family Laxative

Mothers with their home worries are often irregular at meals—have no appetite—are often restless at night—are tired and are troubled with distressed stomachs—need a prompt, pure, healthy laxative, and such is Dr. True's Elixir, the True Family Laxative. The Working man is apt to neglect his health; may eat too hurriedly and at irregular hours. Often this puts the bowels out of order—they fail to function properly—causing restlessness, taking away the appetite, slowing down the active mind. To relieve these conditions, have a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir.

When the children are out of sight they often eat too many sweets or rich foods. This brings on constipation in many cases. Watch these symptoms: Constipation, sour stomach, cramps, eyes heavy and dull, bad breath, restlessness, and biliousness. These are common to both children and grown-ups and call for prompt use of a laxative. To properly cleanse and purify the intestinal tract, which is essential to good health, to ward off and relieve constipation and its attending evils use Dr. True's Elixir.

Open Evenings—Monday, Thursday and Saturday

RED SOX LOSE TWO; U. OF CAL. WINS MEET

Classified
Ads

BOSTON ADVERTISER

Sporting
News

New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper

BOSTON, SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1922

MAIN SHEET PART II—W 1

'ADAM AND EVE' WREST LIVING FROM WOODS



A NEW PROCK EVERY DAY—Eve has one advantage over her sisters of the gitty—her frail clothes wear out so rapidly that hubby has to provide a new outfit daily.



A TENSE MOMENT—All the difference between misadventure and comparative comfort lies in whether Adam and Eve can manage to get their evening fire lighted.



ADAM TAKES UP DRESSMAKING—Carl A. Sutter, the model, is seen on the nearest birch tree to provide clothes for Eve. A sharp stone serves him for shears. (All models copyright, 1922, by Sutter.)



PITTING HIS SKILL AGAINST THE WARY TROUT—Standing ankle-deep in an icy forest stream, "Adam" Sutter waits for hours in the hope that he can capture a trout with the forked stick which is his only fishing tackle.



STARTING ON TOUR OF THEIR WOODS DOMAIN—With nothing much to do except hunt for food, Mr. and Mrs. Sutter spend much of their time on long hikes through the woods. Here they are starting on one of their expeditions.



THE SUTTERS AT HOME—Also pictured is the Archibuter, regular man, miles of wilderness as that he might photograph their "home"—this rude scant of boughs and branches.



NOT SO BAD, EVE SAYS—This isn't exactly the Hotel Biltmore, but Eve manages to keep fairly comfortable with the aid of service branches.



"SHOOTING THE RAPIDS"—Eve doesn't like to get her feet wet, even though she has no shoes to worry about. But Adam proves to be a good ferryboat.



PRIMITIVE PAIR OBTAIN FIRE—The Sutters won their first battle with nature when they succeeded in producing a blaze after half an hour's work rubbing wet and dry sticks together. Even this is small protection against the bitter-cold of the Maine nights.

ADAM AND EVE'S ADVENTURE EVERY DAY IN DAILY ADVERTISER

B. C. TO BATTLE HOLY CROSS IN BIG GAME ON TUESDAY

TUSSLE TO BE HELD AT WORCESTER

Patten and Phillips to Be Marooned for Gold Battery for Game
LARGE CROWD TO SEE THE BATTLE
Georgetown to Clash With Henriksen's Men on Thursday Afternoon

To Boston College players, all eyes were turned to the contest with Holy Cross, but preliminary skirmishes before a great battle. The interest in the athletic contests between the two teams is great regard less of the records of either team, and this year, both teams having made fine records thus far on the diamond, a crowd of 15,000, the largest ever assembled on the Holy Cross ball park, is confidently expected.

The big game will be played in Worcester on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 30. All the fans have been invited to the game, and the Holy Cross team is expected to be a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

WILL FIVE STAR BATTERY.
Leland H. Cross, Coach Henriksen will use a formidable battery. Patten and Phillips, who were marooned for the game, will be a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

In his last game, Patten has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

HAINES' BATTING AIDS COLBY WIN
Lexington, Mass., May 27.—Colby's victory over the Red Sox in the first game of the season was a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

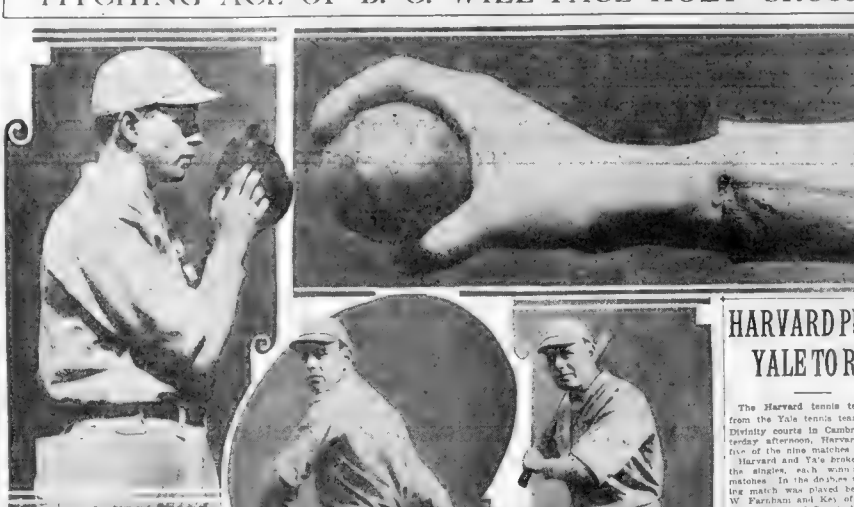
Shoot at Lincoln
Lincoln, May 27.—The Lincoln team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

Camping Supplies
The Navy Tent, made of 10-oz. white canvas with 12-oz. pink Value 60.00. Special price, 35.00.
Complete line of camping and pleasure trip. Prices 55.00 up. Large assortment of racks, pillows, cushions, paddles and pennants for canoes.
Red Seal Auto Bed, 35.00 up.
Folds in waterproof carrying case.
Gold Medal Camp, 4.00 up.
Gold Medal Chairs, 1.50 up.
Gold Medal Tables, 3.50 up.
Telescope Cot Bed, 3.50 up.
Mosquito Bar Net, 1.00 up.

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PITCHING ACE OF B. C. WILL FACE HOLY CROSS



MIDDLESEX WINDS UP WITH VICTORY

The Middlesex School baseball team closed the home season yesterday by defeating the Holy Cross team, 4 to 1, on the former's diamond, in North Andover.

Polard, on the mound for Middlesex, pitched a 9-inning shutout, allowing only one run, one hit and one walk. The Holy Cross team was led by Patten and Phillips.

DEDDHAM K.O. C'S STILL WINNING

Dedham, Mass., May 27.—The Dedham team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

Concord Golf Results
Hadden, with a 74 net, won the four ball medal play, best ball of the tournament.

Lexington Baseball
Lexington, Conn., May 27.—The Lexington team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

Shoppers' Column
Bolt Action Repeating Rifle, \$12.00 up.
Simple Auto Wheel Lock, \$1.00 up.
Guerrilla power Helms Bipocular, with case, \$1.50 up.
Auto Stop Sign, \$1.50 up.
Vet. Pocket Knives, \$1.50 up.
Trap Guns, \$1.50 up.
Red Carvers, \$1.50 up.
Trotter Hooks, \$1.50 up.
Oil Lanterns, \$1.50 up.

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YALE FRESHMEN DOWN EXETER, 5-4

New Haven, Conn., May 27.—In an eighth inning rally the Yale freshmen defeated Exeter, 5 to 4, in a game played at Exeter.

The Tigers made a hard fought fight for the contest after Harvard had jumped into a four-run lead in the third inning and threatened to take the lead on the eighth.

CRIMSON NOSES OUT PRINCETON
Princeton, N. J., May 27.—Harvard won the second game of the annual baseball series from Princeton, 5 to 4, in a game played at Princeton.

B. C. WALLPES VERMONT, 5 TO 1
Burlington, Vt., May 27.—Harvard won the big Boston College game today, again humbled Vermont.

MEDFORD DROPPED BY SALES, 2 TO 0
Balem, May 27.—The Lafayette College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

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BRIDGEPORT WHIPS NEW HAVEN, 6-2

New Haven, Conn., May 27.—The Bridgeport team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

PITTSFIELD BEATS HAMPSHIRE, 8-7
Springfield, May 27.—The Pittsfield team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

FITCHBURG LOSES TO HARTFORD, 5-2
Hartford, Conn., May 27.—In an interesting game the Hartford team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

ALBANY BATS OUT CLOSE VICTORY, 8-6
Albany, May 27.—Albany won the game today, 8 to 6, in a game played at Albany.

BOMBARDIER WELLS KNOCKED OUT AGAIN
London, May 27.—Frank Goddard, English heavyweight, knocked out Bombardier Wells in the sixth round of their scheduled boxing match.

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HARVARD PUTS YALE TO ROUT

The Harvard tennis team won from the Yale tennis team on the Divinity courts in Cambridge yesterday afternoon, Harvard taking five of the nine matches.

Harvard won the first match in the singles, each winning three matches. In the doubles, the Harvard team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

ABBOTS SHUT OUT PLANTS IN 11TH
Granville, May 27.—In the best played game of the season the Abbotts team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

MITCHELL'S CORRAL ANNUAL CONTEST
Billerica, May 27.—The Mitchell Military Boys' School baseball team of this town won its annual game from the Alford team, 5 to 4.

LOWELL TEXTILE BEATS PROVIDENCE
Lowell, May 27.—Providences Providence team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team. The Boston College team has been a great deal better than the Boston College team.

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DARTMOUTH TOO FAST FOR BROWN

Hanover, N. H., May 27.—Dartmouth defeated the Brown baseball team, 5 to 4, in a slow game this afternoon.

College Baseball
Yale 5, Exeter 4.
Holy Cross 14, Lebanon 9.
Harvard 5, Tufts 4.
Brown 5, Princeton 4.
Yale 5, Exeter 4.
Holy Cross 14, Lebanon 9.
Harvard 5, Tufts 4.
Brown 5, Princeton 4.

International League
AT NEWARK (First Game)
Jersey City 5, Philadelphia 1.
Reading 5, Philadelphia 1.
Frederick 5, Philadelphia 1.
Frederick 5, Philadelphia 1.

AT BALTIMORE
Baltimore 5, Philadelphia 1.
Baltimore 5, Philadelphia 1.
Baltimore 5, Philadelphia 1.
Baltimore 5, Philadelphia 1.

AT ROCHESTER
Rochester 5, Philadelphia 1.
Rochester 5, Philadelphia 1.
Rochester 5, Philadelphia 1.
Rochester 5, Philadelphia 1.

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4 RECORDS GO TO WHITE SOX

Philadelphia, May 27.—Four records today were broken and a fifth established in the annual meeting of the American League.

First Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Second Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Third Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Fourth Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

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BROWNS LOSE 2 TO WHITE SOX

Philadelphia, May 27.—The White Sox beat the Browns twice today in the annual meeting of the American League.

First Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Second Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Third Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

Fourth Game
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.
Boston 5, Philadelphia 1.

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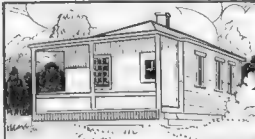
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Scott's Summer Business Suits
With all summer ahead we've made adequate preparations to cover our fine trade requirements.
From Scotch Bannockburn bluffs, from Scotch hand-homspuns to Scotch hand-made attractions, and in Serge both blue and gray, a noted collection.
Quaranteed or half-lined, patch or regular pockets and stimulating affects of lighter shades as demanded by current fashion.
Our own creations—smart, substantial and safe—priced consistently for quality, from \$50 to \$75.
Ready-to-Wear
Scott's Company
236 to 240 Washington Street

ALL SET FOR THE BIG RACE

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AT LAST!!
A Real Year-Round Home for \$1550
 Only \$50 Down
 and \$10 When You Move In
 and the Balance Weekly



We offer you a year-round home, with elec. light, gas, etc., and over 5000 ft. land for \$50 down, the healthiest American suburb—Golden Hills, Me. Iose Highlands—just 7 miles from Boston.

COME OUT TODAY

Get the model home you wish for your money. See it at a model this beautifully developed suburb. Here you can see the house, drive a motor car, and see the beautiful view of the water and the hills. The house is a real year-round home, with elec. light, gas, etc., and over 5000 ft. land for \$50 down, the healthiest American suburb—Golden Hills, Me. Iose Highlands—just 7 miles from Boston.

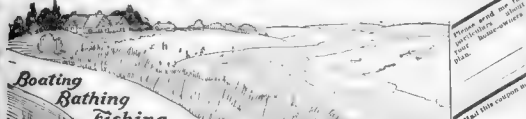
12c Fare to Boston on the Train
 60 Trains Daily!
 or 2 fares on the trolley

A Bungalow of 2 Rooms, with elec. light, gas, and a generous lot \$395

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L. D. Griswold Land Co. Home Building Club
 108 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. Branch Office, 1147 Main St., Melrose Highlands.
 Rooms 300-301 Transit Building, Boston Tel. Beck Bay 1873

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OWN YOUR HOME!
WILSON ESTATE STONEHAM

Most desirable house lots, overlooking Spot Pond and Middlesex Fells. Stoneham cars pass property. Restricted to one and two-family houses. Land Court Title.

Price from \$300 to \$500. Lots contain about 5,000 feet.

Sold on terms if desired.

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Workable Ever-Ready \$3 Value
Paint \$1.75 a gal.

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 At a distance, modern 20-room house, picturesque spot in Arlington, 18 miles from Boston. Price \$100,000.00. Worth twice that. Ideal place for a home or for a profitable investment.

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 Complete line of Building and Home Improvement Supplies. FREE LOCAL DELIVERY.

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9 CENTS PER FOOT
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Rockaway Addition
NANTASKET BEACH
 New England's Premier Sea Shore Resort
 2 1/2 Miles of Waterfront
 A Recreation Ground Without an Equal

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COTTAGE SITES CAMPLOTS
 A FEW STEPS FROM BOAT LANDING
6 to 10 Cents a Foot
 A FEW HIGHER

Compare our prices with other land values at Nantasket! Then Think! And Act! Then See our terms contract: A LITTLE DOWN, A LITTLE EACH MONTH, and no forfeiture from sickness or unemployment. A step up the Boulevard to Park Avenue; our office is just beyond Paragon Park on Park Avenue. Business on land every day.

Rockaway Nantasket Land Co.
 Boston Office: 209 Washington Street
 Telephone Main 7182
 Nantasket Office: 100 Park Avenue, Near Paragon Park
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DORCHESTER HOUSES AT AUCTION

Mr. H. H. Kiley, a leading realtor of Dorchester and one of Boston's most prominent realtors, has been appointed by the court to sell at public auction the following property:

17 MOUNT VERNON STREET
 14 ROOM VERMONT ST.—DORCHESTER
 Family house, 14 rooms and 2 baths. Rents \$300 a year; \$400 for 10 years.

35-39 MOUNT VERNON STREET
 14 ROOM VERMONT ST.—DORCHESTER
 Family house, 14 rooms and 2 baths. Rents \$300 a year; \$400 for 10 years.

645-647 DORCHESTER AVENUE—DORCHESTER
 14 ROOM VERMONT ST.—DORCHESTER
 Family house, 14 rooms and 2 baths. Rents \$300 a year; \$400 for 10 years.

837-843 DORCHESTER AVENUE
 14 ROOM VERMONT ST.—DORCHESTER
 Family house, 14 rooms and 2 baths. Rents \$300 a year; \$400 for 10 years.

JOHN C. KILEY & CO.
 18 Tremont St., Boston

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 WANTED—Family house in Dorchester, 14 rooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen, central heating, etc. For rent or purchase. Write to J. C. Kiley & Co., 18 Tremont St., Boston.

BUNGALOW
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APARTMENTS—CAMBRIDGE
 WANTED—Apartment in Cambridge, 2 rooms, 1 bath, modern kitchen, central heating, etc. For rent or purchase. Write to J. C. Kiley & Co., 18 Tremont St., Boston.

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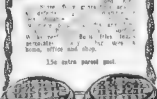
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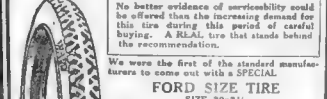
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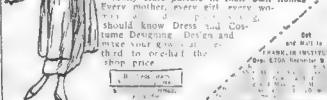
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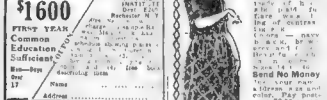
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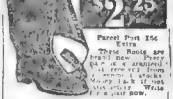


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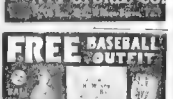
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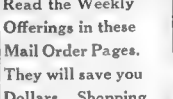
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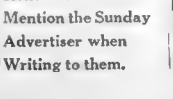
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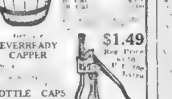
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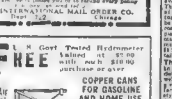
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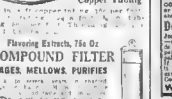
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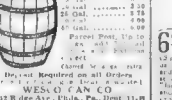
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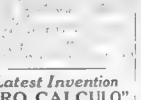
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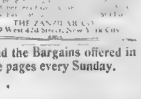
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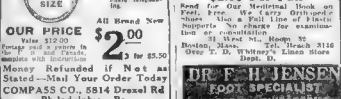
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MEN'S FINE DRESS SHIRTS

DIAMONDS
WATCHES
CASH ON CREDIT



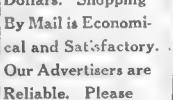
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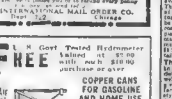


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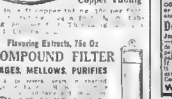
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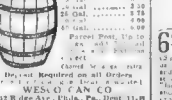
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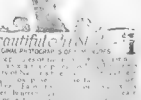
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THRILLING FEATS SEEN AT THE STADIUM



JAKE DRY took the Boston College four is seen winning the 440-yard run in one of the greatest races in the stadium. **W. E. Stevenson**, the stout-hearted Princeton runner, pushed him to the limit and Jake's victory was by the narrowest of margins. The camera caught both as they crossed the tape, but there was more of Jake's foot on the side necessary to win than Stevenson was able to display. It was one of the intercollegiate meet features.



LEROY BROWN, the Dartmouth high jumper, is seen in one of the most marvelous pictures ever taken going over the bar for a new record at the intercollegiate meet at the Harvard Stadium yesterday. His running high jump, when the measure finished their work, showed that the latest altitude was 6 feet 4 1/2 inches.



HEC HOGGINS of Columbia scores—Here is the California boy who set a new record in the 100-yard dash at the meet by covering the distance in 10 seconds. He was the first to cover the distance in 10 seconds. He was the first to cover the distance in 10 seconds. He was the first to cover the distance in 10 seconds.



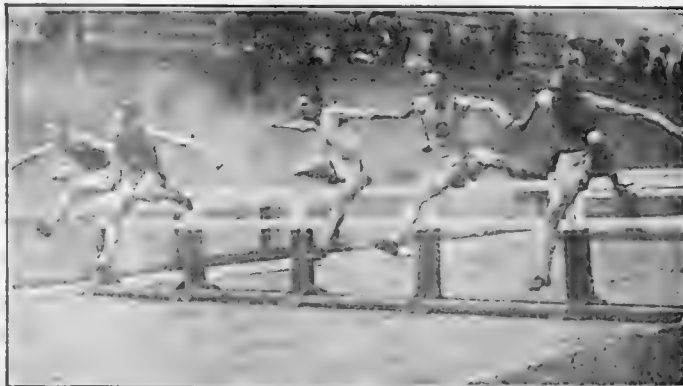
LECONEY IN FRONT—The above photograph shows the much talked of Leconey of Lafayette College winning the 100-yard dash in one of the most spectacular and thrilling races ever seen in the stadium. A brilliant start enabled him to finish in front. He was compelled to use all the speed and stamina he possessed to succeed. With the representatives of Yale, Cornell, Penn State, Leland Stanford and Princeton all striving to pass him, his performance was a highly creditable one. He covered the distance in the splendid time of 9.710 seconds. Levey of Cornell and McKim of Princeton ran second and third respectively.



BOB LEGENDRE of Georgetown University and Lewiston, Me. is caught in the air by the camera gunner just after leaving the take off in his winning broad jump of 23 feet 7 1/2 inches. He was cheered to the echo by the vast crowd at the stadium when the announcement told the audience of the feat.



HIGGINS OF COLUMBIA SCORES—One of the most sensational runs and thrilling finishes ever seen on any track. Higgins, the Columbia star, is forced to the limit of his power to get in the honors and victory was only a matter of inches. Barker of Bates made him stop at a terrific clip to win.



A WONDERFUL RACE—Here are five of the best hurglers in the country at the first barrier. The sharpshooting of the Advertiser camera man proved to be an artistic piece of work in this case, for he caught each and everyone in the air. His snapping shows how well matched the men were and how well each timed his flight over the obstacle.



HAUERS IS WINNER—In the above photograph the Crimson star is seen going over the last of the 100-yard barriers with a commanding lead over his nearest competition.

Photos by Charles G. Barker, Sunday Advertiser Staff.

SHAW DENOUNCES LYNCHING AS EPIDEMIC OF INSANITY

"Burning of Human Beings Is a Sport For Which a Taste Is Rapidly Acquired, And as White Will Burn as Amusingly as Black, the Color Line Is Effaced"

"Texas Can Protect Its Criminals by Simply Bringing Its Civilization up to the Level of France and Great Britain."

By G. BERNARD SHAW

(This is the fourth of a series of articles by the famous author and publicist in the Boston Sunday Advertiser, discussing the universal crime and the methods of dealing with crime. Mr. Shaw has taken the point of view, everywhere, is unrelenting, merciless and brutal to the point of mob insanity in handling the crime, and today he argues that present methods are futile. Particularly he brands American lynching as wholesale Sadism, a perversion which is typical of a certain form of insanity.)

WE see that of the three official objects of our prison system—vengeance, deterrence and reformation of the criminal—only one is achieved; and that is the one which is nakedly abominable. But there is a plea for it which must be taken into account, and which brings us to the root of the matter in our own characters. It is said, and it is in a certain degree true, that if the government does not lawfully organize and regulate popular vengeance, the populace will rise up and execute this vengeance lawlessly for itself. The standard defence of the lynchings is that without it no heretic's life would have been safe.

In Texas today the people are not satisfied with the prospect of knowing that a murderer and ravisher will be electrocuted inside a jail if a jury can resist the defence put up by his lawyer. They tear him from the hands of the sheriff, pour lamp oil over him, and burn him alive.

Now the burning of human beings is not only an expression of outraged public morality; it is also a sport for which a taste can be acquired much more easily and rapidly than a taste for courting hares, just as a taste for drink can be acquired from brandy and cocktails more easily and rapidly than from beer or sauterne. Lynching mobs begin with negro ravishers and murderers; but they presently go on to any sort of delinquent, provided he is black.

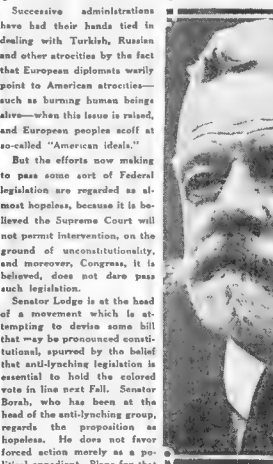
Later on, as a white man will burn as amusingly as a black one, and a white woman react to lashing and feathering as thrillingly as a negro, the color line is effaced by what professes to be a rising wave of virtuous indignation, but is in fact an epidemic of Sadism. The defenders of the British penal system take advantage of it to assure us that if they did not torment and maim a boy guilty of what professed to be a rising wave of virtuous indignation, but is in fact an epidemic of Sadism. The defenders of the British penal system take advantage of it to assure us that if they did not torment and maim a boy guilty of what professed to be a rising wave of virtuous indignation, but is in fact an epidemic of Sadism. The defenders of the British penal system take advantage of it to assure us that if they did not torment and maim a boy guilty of what professed to be a rising wave of virtuous indignation, but is in fact an epidemic of Sadism.

SMALL HOPE FOR FEDERAL ANTI-LYNCHING LAW

WASHINGTON, May 27.—The lynching abolitionists in the South have become so horrible as to create what amounts to a reign of anarchy, and Republican leaders have reached a state of near panic over it because it not only threatens to split up the colored vote, which has always been almost solidly Republican, but constitutes a grave menace to international negotiations.



SENATOR W. E. BORAH
(Anti-lynch law leader in Senate believes it is hopeless to expect Federal legislation.)



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE
(Republican Senate leader is hoping for anti-lynching legislation to hold the colored vote.)

The Democrats are believed to be almost solidly against anti-lynching legislation, believing that to deprive Southern States of the benefit of burning people alive would break up the "Solid South," and Republicans who believe the Supreme Court would pass an anti-lynching bill would vote with the Democrats.

that boy limb from limb.

Now the reply to such a plea, from the point of view of civilized law, cannot be too sweeping. The government which cannot restrain a mob from taking the law into its

own hands is no government at all. If Landru can go to the guillotine unmolested in France, and his British prototype who drowned all his wives in their baths can be practically hanged in England, Texas can protect its criminals

"The Government Which Cannot Restrain a Mob From Taking the Law Into Its Own Hands Is No Government."

by simply bringing its civilization up to the French and British level.

But, indeed, the besetting sin of the mob is a morbid hero worship of great criminals rather than a ferocious abhorrence of them. In any case nobody will have the effrontery to pretend that the number of criminals who excite popular feeling enough to risk lynching is more than a negligible percentage of the whole. The theory that the problem of crime is only one of organizing, regulating and executing the vengeance of the mob will not bear plain statement, much less discussion. It is only the retributive theory over again in its weakest form.

Having now disposed of all the official theories as the trash they are, let us return to the facts, and deal with the hard ones first. Everyone who has any extensive experience of domesticated animals, human or other, knows that there are negatively bad specimens who have no conscience, and positively bad ones who are incurably ferocious. The negative ones are often very agreeable and even charming companions; but they beg, borrow, steal, defraud and seduce almost to reflex action; they cannot resist the most trifling temptation.

They are indulged and spared to the extreme limit of endurance; but in the end they have to be deprived of their liberty in some way. The positive ones enjoy no such tolerance. Unless they are physically restrained they break people's bones, knock out their eyes, rupture their organs, or kill them.

Then there are the cruel people—not necessarily unable to control their tempers, nor fraudulent, nor in any other way disqualified for ordinary social activity or liberty, possibly even with conspicuous virtues. But by a horrible inclination, they just after the spectacle of suffering, mental and physical, as normal men just after love.

Torture is to them a pleasure except when it is inflicted on themselves. In scores of ways, from the habitual utterance of wounding speeches, and the contriving of injuries and humiliations for which they cannot be brought to book legally, to thrashing their wives and children, or

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

By FRANCESCO NITTI---

(Former Premier of Italy.)

"Europe Remains Locked In a Vicious Circle of Errors—U. S. Although Aloof, Has Grave Interests at Stake—Two Programs For the Future of Europe."

Rome, Italy, May 27.

THE Genoa conference has not substantially realized any accord between the participating European states. It cannot be said that the Russo-German treaty, if regarded as an important fact, has diminished the prevailing spirit of diffidence. Therefore those who expected from the first step towards reconstruction and the inauguration of a real peace policy after the Paris treaties, which Clemenceau said "are nothing but other means of continuing the war," now feel profound disappointment.

What actually happened is what I proposed for the first time two years ago this Spring at Genoa and which aroused much opposition and started several agitations against me and my cabinet. For the time the treaty and the vanquished stand around the same table discussing common issues. They failed to come to a definite agreement because agreement can only result from a longer and more intense effort. But they conversed and exchanged ideas. Conversation

softens the bitterness of hate, and rancor melts in discussion.

EUROPE DIVIDED. The Genoa conference could not possibly achieve important results, as the only problem of vital importance to Europe was the problem of reparations. The peace treaties were concluded in a spirit of hate and violence, having not the object of re-establishing order and security, but rather the object of suppressing and suffocating the enemy and destroying the sources of his prosperity. Thus, as a result of the treaties, Europe is divided into two parts, one of which is disarmed, unprovided with raw materials, deprived of ships, colonies and territories, and is without commercial organization abroad, though obliged to pay an enormous indemnity to those victorious countries which claim they cannot repay not only loans but interest on loans to the United States and Great Britain.

The fact of not having discussed the international occupation of Germany, which actually is costing Germany more than double the whole German army and fleet cost before the war, namely sixteen hundred million gold marks a year; moreover, having failed to discuss the matter of

reparations which Germany must be able to pay; and the fact of not having sought or found a less savage form of co-existence—all these critical problems the conference not only failed to solve, but it never seriously faced the question of world peace.

PART U. S. MUST PLAY.

Europe remains locked in the vicious circle of her errors and is convulsed with ever more violent ambitions. But the Genoa conference demonstrated that England and Italy are inspired by a joint desire of peace now that the entente is split not only by the verdict of events, but by the posthumous spirit. Having disarmed Germany, Great Britain and Italy do not wish to torture the German people, but rather welcome their participation in Europe's life and civilization.

There are now two tendencies, two programs, two visions for the future. The United States, which most wisely disapproved the peace treaties because they were not a means conducive to real peace; which does not belong to the Society of Nations because the latter is now nothing but a holy alliance of the victors, which has the greatest interest in Europe's reconstruction, cannot but follow with deepest sympathy the new spirit manifesting itself in those European states which rushed to France's rescue when the Germans invaded and which now suffer seeing applied to Germany the same methods the Germans would have employed.

The spirit wrote from Paris told Barthou of a people determined to exact the last sou of reparation.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6.

IRVING T. BUSH SAYS:

"The Genoa Conference Served to Unite the Outcasts of the World"

THE curtain has been rung down at Genoa. The stage upon which the Soviet representatives, cast for minor parts, have claimed the spotlight will soon be dark.

The play, widely advertised as an economic drama, proved to be something quite different, and the audience is frankly puzzled. It is wondering whether it has witnessed a political tragedy or an eternal triangle.

Did they really come to bury Lloyd George or to praise him, or was the Soviet villain endeavoring to break up the happy tripartite family? Even the eleven-hour application of oil did not soothe the troubled waters or illumine the audience.

It is certain there was nothing economic about the whole conference. Each delegate made noble gestures for the betterment of mankind and gave forth interviews labeled "peace and good will" but when the time for decision came the haunting vision of his home political conditions controlled his action.

SENTIMENT CHANGED.

Lloyd George saw over his shoulder nearly two millions of unemployed, who were waiting expectantly for him to open the Russian market. The spirit wrote from Paris told Barthou of a people determined to exact the last sou of reparation.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6.

By DR. PAUL REINSCH---

(Former U. S. Minister to China.)

THIS Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs based his answer on the famous twenty-one points to the Japanese note later on May 1. The demand under Group V, Mr. Hiroki was informed, could not possibly be accepted by a sovereign power. With respect to the other demands, a specific answer was given very closely approaching acceptance of the demands as revised by Japan.

No railway concessions were made, however, and I feel I certain technical modifications with respect to the Manchurian demands. Even with respect to the other demands, a specific answer was given very closely approaching acceptance of the demands as revised by Japan.

This was contradictory; nevertheless, the Japanese were moving their troops. Placed in an isolated extreme position, Japan's economic difficulties had been ordered to limit station. Japanese residents in Peking were warned to hold themselves ready. At Tientsin new reinforcements were being built.

When it was known that the Chinese officials were prepared and understood, should they await its delivery, or try to placate the Japanese by further concessions? The Chinese find it hard to obey a demand backed by force; they are unaccustomed to arrangements based on principle, reason and custom. To them the Chinese officials were prepared and understood, should they await its delivery, or try to placate the Japanese by further concessions?

CARE HAD TO BE TAKEN. They seemed comforted in discussing their difficulties and fears. I could not, of course, give

"Japan Got America's Plea for Patience Too Late—Ultimatum on Twenty-One Demands Had Already Gone to China—Both Sides Blundered in Negotiations."

them advice, but I expressed my personal conviction that Japan could hardly find it feasible to include Group V—which she had explained to the powers as suggestions of friendship—in an ultimatum.

The position of the American Minister throughout these negotiations had been easy. The United States was only a power in the East. The Chinese expected that sentiment and strong opinion in favor of peace would prevail over the Japanese independence and the rights of Americans in China.

I could reiterate our repeated declarations of policy on this subject. The Chinese to draw their own conclusions as to how far our national interests were involved. But when the Minister's answer was frequently asked: "But what will you do to maintain these rights you have so often asserted?" I had to be particularly careful not to express my own judgment as to what our course of action should be, in order not to arouse any hopes among the Chinese as to what my government would do. Instructions had been slow in coming.

It was my personal opinion that America had sufficient vital interest in being consulted on every phase of these negotiations. The Chinese had

Continued on Page 2, Column 4.

66-1740 - N. S. 300 - Galtburg - ... to her about what six dollars day somewhere. I want to give

G. Bernard Shaw Den

Announces Lynching Ha

WHAT TWO WOMEN DID.
One was a married woman,

been lucky," these old friends will say then. "Listen, Mary, you've got to squeeze me in a Sunday."

Continued From First Page.

inefficient, or excessively efficient, thyroid gland, or pituitary gland, or adrenal gland, as the case may be. This, of course, does not help the police in dealing with a criminal; they must apprehend and bring him to trial all the same. But if the prison doctor were able to say, "Put

By DR. PAUL S. I

REINSCH--

That price must be sufficient self-control to live without wasting and destroying the lives of others, whether by direct attack like a tiger, parasitic exploitation like a leech or having to be held in a leash with another person at the end of it.

1

Continued From First Page. these ominous demands. In the ceived the idea of the twenty-one

The ultimatum would have to be presented. This was done on Monday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Chinese might have foreseen that the demand of Group 1 would not be included in the ultimatum. Nevertheless, they were astonished at their omission, and annoyed at unnecessarily committing themselves the day before.

His Inmost thought preferred that he should be forced to accept these demands through an ultimatum.

The possibility of such motives may have to be considered, yet from my knowledge of the negotiations from beginning to end, I must consider utterly fanciful the charge made by Yuen Sheng-chang.

"This," he replied: "The Chinese government, etc., hereby accepts, with the exception of the five articles of Group V., all the articles of Group I., etc. But," he added, "when the draft was submitted to the words 'Group V.' there be added the clause 'which are postponed for later consideration.'"

When he received the note Minister Lu said that he had tried to persuade the Chinese government to safeguard the treaty rights of the American nation, but that China's own rights were bound up. To a question from him I replied that the American government was not now protesting against any special provisions, but insisted that the rights referred to in the note be given complete protection in the

And from their employment, and if it be true, as our examination seems to prove, that they are doing no good to society, but very active harm, their lives are wasted more completely than those of the criminals; for most criminals are discharged after a few weeks or months; but the

...some iodine in this man's actly the same way, but has at first sight, the terms of the ultimatum seemed to dispose of that it was he who originally con- later negotiation. It had been thought necessary, definitive treaty, provisions of the guard never escapes until he is superannuated, by which next Sunday.)

SONS OF REVOLUTION BACK THE HEARST PAPERS

Demand That The Textbooks of American History Be Truly Made American

Expert Reveals How Organized British Propaganda Honeycombs the United States to Influence Our Schools.

By CHARLES GRANT MILLER. CERTAIN influences that have been directly at work to bring about the emasculization of American history and the destruction of our national spirit and morale are not only recognized but confessed and even boasted.

Sir Gilbert Parker, professional British propagandist, in an article in Harper's Magazine, March, 1918, openly outlined some of his methods of "putting it over" on the American people. "Practically since the day war broke out between England and the Central Powers I became responsible for American publicity," Parker wrote. "I need hardly say that the scope of my department was very extensive and its activities widely ranged."

"Among the activities was a weekly report to the British Cabinet upon the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England."

"We advised and stimulated many people to write articles, we arranged a friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established correspondence with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with such men as the presidents, professors and scientific men and running through all the ranges of the population."

"It is hardly necessary to say that the work was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy."

SIXFOLD PROPAGANDA. The propaganda of Sir Gilbert Parker was sixfold: That the Revolution

was a contest between George III. on one side and the English people and American colonists on the other; that "many Americans regret the war of 1812 as most Britishers regret the acts of George III.; that "the greatest enemy of American development was Napoleon," but Great Britain saved us from conquest by the British navy; that the British government has been the best friend that the United States ever had in its history; and that, "next to Great Britain, the best friend the United States has today is Japan."

By SIR J. M. BARRIE: "Youth Must Demand A Voice in the World's Affairs."

"The famous British" playwright, Sir J. M. Barrie, in his address at St. Andrew's University as Dore lecturer, took "Courage" as his theme and the inspiration of youth as his aim. As will be seen from the report below, it was an interesting revelation of the young man's early life.

By SIR J. M. BARRIE. COURAGE is the lovely virtue, the rib of himself that God sent down to his children. It is McConnachie who has brought me to the pass I have reached. McConnachie, I should explain, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself—the wild half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and sunny; he is the half that is the family solicitor standing firm on my hearing about the harsh realities of the office terrors, while I prefer to fly around on one foot, that is, he does me with him.

My theme is courage as you should use it in the great fight that seems to me to be coming between youth and their betterment by youth meaning, of course, you, and your better me. I want you to take up this position—that youth has far too long left

HOW PRESIDENT HARDING STANDS

ACTION by the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at the congress held in Springfield, Mass., recently, on the subject of a truthful American History for use in our schools was stimulated by the following letter to Wallace McCann, president-general of the organization:

THE WHITE HOUSE,

May 8, 1922.

My Dear Mr. McCann: I note the approaching National Congress of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and am writing just a word to indicate my interest in the effort of the organization in behalf of improved teaching of history in American schools.

I feel that the subject is one which particularly deserves the attention of persons who are competent to contribute something to improvement in this direction. Your own organization has been among the leaders in this matter, as it has for many years in behalf of every patriotic cause.

I trust you will not weary in well-doing and that your efforts in behalf of a better presentation and understanding of the truths of our national history may produce the good results that we all so much desire.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING

Mr. Wallace McCann, President-General—S. A. R. Hotel Kimball, Springfield, Mass.

and 10,000 trained agents to carry on the work. Northcliffe has been quite frank.

His London Times, in the issue of July 4, 1912, rendered an account of the "efficient propaganda" which he had inaugurated here and was hence "carried out by those trained in the art of creating public good will and of swaying public opinion toward a definite purpose."

Among the methods stated by the London Times to be those in operation or in prospect in this country were:

"Efficiently organized propaganda to mobilize the press, the church, the stage and the cinema; to press into active service the whole educational system, the universities, the high schools and primary schools; to provide for subsidizing the best men to write books and articles."

"Historical and text books, new literature should be revised. New books should be added, particularly in the primary schools. Hundreds of exchange university scholarships should be provided. Local societies should be formed in every centre to foster British-American good-will, in co-operation with an administrative committee."

When Lord Northcliffe, who according to his biographer, "in the first draft of his will directed that a secret society should be endowed with the following objects: The extension of British rule throughout the world."

WINTER AND OTHERS. This same Fourth of July issue of the London Times contained a signed article by Owen Winter, American born author of the anti-American novel, "The Ancient Grudge," in which article he

exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. (Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning); the time has arrived for youth to demand its own share in the decisions.

JOY OF POOR ORIGIN. If you must be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why before it begins, and have a way in the decision whether it is to begin.

The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it can't save us because it will be run by us. Beware of your better bringing presents.

What is wanted is something new, my young men. You have more in common with the youth of other lands than youth and age can ever have with each other.

Even the hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, with the same sort of hearts, who had as little to do as our youth had with the origin of the great adventure. Can we doubt that many of these both sides who have gone over and over opponents are now friends?

You ought to have a League of Youth as your great practical beginning. And I think that if I was advocating a rebellion, you will have to work harder

STIRRING DEMAND FOR REAL HISTORY

FOLLOWING is the resolution adopted by the session of the Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, held in Springfield, Mass.:

"The Sons of the American Revolution in national congress assembled express their deep interest in the subject of text-books on American history in use in our public schools. We protest against the use of any text-book which lauds the Tories and censures the patriots, which maligns the memory of any of the great men of the revolutionary period or undervalues the services and sacrifices by which our national independence was won."

"Text-books on American history should be written only by those who are in sympathy with the principles for which our forefathers fought. Every such history should adequately stress the story of the American Revolution, portray in colorful outline the heroic incidents of the struggle and teach the priceless value of the institutions which we inherit from our forefathers."

"We protest against any text-books which teach Socialism, Bolshevism, or class hatred. The Committee on Patriotic Education is instructed to carry out this resolution and is authorized to take all useful measures to eliminate from our schools all text-books objectionable on the above grounds."

The ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire"—Herald Williams' Cere Rhodes. Pages 53-51.

EFFECT ON YOUTH. As a part of the study, made of 400 of our young men, held at the colleges of all the States, the "qualities of leadership" being among the first admitted requirements, are taken over to the United States for three years, with allowance of 300 pounds English money a year and returned to us Anglicized advocates of British-American union.

There is a Rhodes Scholars Alumni Association of America which has been organized in defense of the Anglicized school histories.

It has been previously stated that among the twenty-three "units of guidance" of the Cecil Rhodes Secret Society one provides for the revision of American school histories and another for the restriction of our public school education.

More than mere concealment of the truth is involved in the education of our young men. The members of this secret society are high in the councils of our two most heavily financed educational institutions.

To follow directly the workings of these influences and trace definitely their modes of application is, of course, impossible to clearly

identify certain outstanding developments. Their effect on the education of our youth is, however, apparent in the following:

APPELLING FIGURES. Figures furnished by the United States Bureau of Education are appalling. Only one pupil in four completes the elementary grades. In eight states where school conditions are most favorable

only one child in ten completes the high school. The percentage of children who complete the college is less than one in a hundred.

What, indeed, would be the result? The answer is not yet known. But it is a question of the future of our nation.

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Insidious Effort to Give History Textbooks an English Flavor Has Been Traced to Its Sources, Charles G. Miller Declares.

Not only half the pupils in the United States are taught English history, but the English language is used in the textbooks. This is the charge of Charles G. Miller, a well-known American historian, who has just published a book, "The English Influence on American History Textbooks."

Miller declares that the English influence on American history textbooks is insidious and has been traced to its sources. He says that the English influence is not only in the language used, but in the selection of the material and the interpretation of the facts.

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Registered U. S. Patent Office



By Roy K. Moulton

"It is dangerous to erect a big statue of any fellow that is dead, for the historians are liable to dig up something on him even after he has been a long time gone, and to erect a statue for any fellow that is still alive, is fatal. It is worse than naming a steamboat after him, because you can change the name of a steamboat to sound like somebody else, but you cannot change the features of one guy so that it will look enough like any other guy to please his relative.

forty-seven statues of Benjamin Franklin, and those that didn't look like Lloyd George looked more like Lief Ericson or Mr. Pickwick. Every sculptor sculpts a statue the way he thinks the feller looked.



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10 lbs. in 10 days." — Mrs. J. E. B.	Name _____
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"To my surprise I have gained 7 lbs. in two weeks." — Miss M. G. W.	City _____ State _____ Only One Trial Package to a Family



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an automobile.

THE SUNDAY ADVERTISER
Boston's Want Ad Directory



HIDEOUS MONGOLIAN BRUTALITY

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Woman Sentenced to Death by Starvation.

One of the Local "Gods."

Lama in Chains in a Mongolian Prison.

THE pictures on this page are from photographs taken by representatives of the National Geographic Society and printed in that society's admirable educational publication.

You shudder as you look at the picture of an unfortunate Mongolian woman condemned to die of slow starvation, your imagination tells you how horrible that death must be. The box is too small for sitting, standing or lying down. There is in the side a hole big enough for the victim to put out her head and arm. When the photograph was taken the poor creature was picking vainly at the lock with her feeble hand. It is a comfort to know that she is now beyond the reach of "justice."

Let your mind supply the details of such a death, the long minutes, hours, days and nights, with hunger and thirst and bodily pain increasing.

No doubt the dying woman was tormented by children, or jeered at by adults, ignorance being always on the side of the strong against the weak, ready to throw stones or hard words, as our ancestors did at victims in the New England "stocks," or to help the executioners in their work of torture in Europe's Dark Ages.

You remember how the little child innocently brought a piece of wood and added it to the bonfire when John Huss was burned alive for his religious opinions.

These pictures are not published, needless to say, to arouse sympathy or gratify any morbid interest in that which is shocking.

They are published to remind you that Asia today, in some parts at least, is as brutal, as horribly cruel as Europe was five hundred years ago.

These pictures are published, with a reproduction of one of the "gods" that the torturers worship, to remind you that men's religion shows what they are, and that no man or civilization is any better than the kind of "god" that he worships as his ideal.

A brutal god of many hands and many heads, many passions and hatreds, with petty vanities demanding base Oriental flattery, is the sort of god that would be worshipped by the cruel, the servile, the brutal.

The particular crime of which this particular condemned woman was found guilty is not known. It may have been such a crime as would cause our laws to inflict the barbarous sentence of capital punishment. For we are still barbarians to that extent, although we no longer kill by torture.

Or the miserable woman may have been guilty of some offense that in civilized countries would call only for a reprimand. She may have been lacking in respect and subsequently impertinent to some high dignitary. She may have offended the notions

To Look At and Study These Three Pictures Is to Study the Human Race as It Exists Now in Asia, and as It Once Existed Everywhere, Horribly, Coldly Cruel.

The "Legal" Killing of a Woman by Starvation, in One Picture, the Heavy Chains Riveted on a Prisoner's Neck, in Another Picture, Are Explained Partly by the Heathen God, the Sort of "Divinity" Worshipped Where These Tortures Are Inflicted.

These Pictures Are a Warning. They Should Make Us Realize What Asiatic Victory Over Europe Would Mean. And They Remind Us of Our Own Brutalities Past and Present.

of some pagan priest devoted to the god whose picture you see here. She may have neglected in some way her duty to that god.

She may simply have refused to tell what she knew of another's evil deed.

Whatever the cause, here you see the poor creature in such misery and suffering as is hardly conceivable.

And seeing this picture you realize what barbarism exists at the top, in the system of "justice" now existing in Mongolia and other parts of Asia, and you realize what it would mean if the dregs of that Asiatic population, fully armed, were turned loose in Europe as a result of the white people's stupid murdering and weakening of each other.

The man prisoner is a Lama, one of the Tibetan worshippers and servants of the brand of Buddhism that Mongolians have developed.

You have heard of prisoners in chains, but a chain of THIS kind is new to the American imagination. It would hold a dozen oxen. One single link is big enough to go around the man's neck. There it is riveted. To be photographed the poor creature stood up, holding the heavy weight as best he could. The greater part of the day and night he lies flat, to keep the weight of the chain from his neck.

The photographs from which these pictures were made were taken in Mongolia, a vast, wild territory belonging to the Chinese Empire. It runs for three hundred miles along the outer side of the great Chinese Wall, occupying an enormous region on the great plateau of East Asia.

On this vast territory live about five million Mongols. They raise cattle, migrate from one

place to another, or live in settled places carrying on agriculture where the Chinese have taught them. They use a hundred thousand camels and three hundred thousand ox carts in transporting tea and in other transportation.

From this and other Asiatic regions, through the centuries, have poured millions of invaders, savage, cruel and bloody, dashing into Europe, only to spend their power, leave some of their blood behind, and disappear again.

Who knows that these invasions have ENDED for all time?

Who can say that the hordes that once came on ponies, on foot, on camels and with oxen, cutting food from the living animals as they drove them on, may not COME AGAIN, and this time in flying machines more swiftly?

This picture is printed to make you realize that there are many strange places, savage peoples, DANGEROUS SURVIVALS, upon this earth which you inhabit.

It is not a planet made up of land carefully marked out, carefully mortgaged, with streets, lamp posts, policemen, justices of the peace, chambers of commerce and local real estate booms everywhere.

There are fifteen hundred million human beings on the earth, and among them more than a thousand millions are black or yellow.

There are hundreds of millions so deep in savagery that they scarcely count. It is all that they can do to fight each other, the climate, wild animals and starvation.

There are others in Asia as brutal and cruel as were the white men of the Dark Ages in Europe.

Those Asiatics are powerful in their capacity for work and endurance, unlimited in their power to stand pain and hardship. They have intelligent, keen leaders, or they MAY have—yellow men that have proved themselves the equal of the whites in science and in development.

The white races of Europe and of America have something to learn when they look at a picture such as the one on this page.

They see the horrible cruelty that punishes remorselessly.

They see, most ingeniously introduced by Mr. McCay in his drawing, a figure of one of the gods that the Asiatics worship.

Here is a god of slaughter, of fire, sword and hideousness.

You can imagine what his followers would like, and what they would DO?

Finally, as you look at this picture, the poor woman putting her finger in the lock and struggling against fate, you think of the dreadful suffering that has been inflicted upon human beings on this earth for ages. You wonder what it is all FOR, what final good can possibly atone for it and justify it.

Thousands upon thousands of millions have lived in injustice, want and fear, and died prematurely in agony. The mind asks, WHAT FOR?

Why all these false gods and false religions? Why all these savage human beings murdering each other, poisonous snakes, ferocious animals, hideous diseases, terrible tortures?

Was it all inevitable, or, as has been suggested, are there perhaps in the universe SICK PLANETS, just as there are in a nation SICK INDIVIDUALS, exceptions, to be pitied, perhaps cured, perhaps buried.

To look back over history is to see a few men of power driving the thousands to murder each other.

It is to see famine destroying the mothers and the children, and skipping the great that brought on the famine and who fed themselves carefully while famine rages.

You see men fighting against cold, wild besets and wilder human enemies, and millions driven to death under the lash that a few might live in vicious luxury.

Even now on the earth such things exist as McCay shows you in his picture.

And in the places called civilized, in our own country, out of a hundred millions you have ninety millions leading monotonous lives, knowing as little about the real earth, having as small a share of real knowledge as some animal in the menagerie, confined to its little cage.

It is a puzzling condition under which we live, with our worries very real, our sufferings acute, cunning and brutality often victorious, and the human race depending for its consolation chiefly on HOPE AND FAITH.

However, much wisdom and power as we see displayed in the guiding of the sun, the balancing of the universe, the unfailing seasons, the power that keeps us safe in our little earthly houses sailing through the dreadful cold of the ether, makes us realize in the end that justice rules and will be obeyed—that progress can come only as birth does, through pain and suffering, and that the end will justify the painful preface.



Life and Laughter



Loneley Hearts

Each day the Editor is pelted with questions as to the rules and regulations of the LONELY HEART column as to the eligibility of members.

ANYONE who is lonely may write to the Loneley Heart column of the BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, either to the Editor or to the members of the club.

If you wish to have your letter appear in the column, you must select a PEN NAME, which can be used for publication and also must sign your own name and address to the letter. All names and addresses are held in strict confidence by the Editor, and are NEVER printed or given to other correspondents.

If you wish to correspond with a member of the club whose letter appears in the paper, address your letter to the LONELY HEART EDITOR, BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, 208 Washington street, Boston, and enclose a stamped envelope for forwarding, on which in pencil you write the PEN NAME of the person with whom you wish to correspond.

To become a member of the club, you MUST REGISTER your name and address with the Loneley Heart Editor. This makes you eligible for all meetings and club activities.

The club was not formed for matrimonial purposes, but merely to promote the spirit of good fellowship among persons who lacked the opportunity of forming desirable friendships.

ALL MEMBERS must be of GOOD MORAL CHARACTER and the committee reserves the right to accept or reject any applicant for membership.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young lady, 28 years old, and very lonely. I am fond of home and country life. Would like to communicate with a good, successful person. I would like to hear from "Walter."

Loneley Heart Editor:
Are there any nice chaps be-



ween the ages of 17 and 22, who would like to correspond with a lonely young girl of 18 years? Am 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weigh 115 lbs. and consider good looking. I have dark brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Very fond of dancing, books and all outdoor sports. I am a Protestant and would like to hear from a young chap of the same faith.

Went "Loneliness Ballroom" or "The Rhin, Jr." please write to me. Will answer all letters "LONELINESS CHIEF."

Loneley Heart Editor:
I would like to correspond with

a nice Protestant young man between the ages of 17 and 20, someone over 5 ft. 5 in. tall, I am 5 ft. 8 in. tall; have dark brown hair, blue eyes and am considered pretty. Please won't the "Rhine, Jr.," answer. BILLIE D.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a Protestant and an American, 21 years of age. I am a college graduate and would like to correspond with any young lady between the ages of 18 and 22 who would like to dance or attend the theatre. I am fond of travel and would eventually care to meet them. Would "Loneliness" from Milford, Mass., please write.

"HARVARD."

Loneley Heart Editor:
Are there any lonely girls from 17 to 19 years of age who would like to correspond with two lone- some men, one 18 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall and one 19 years, 5 feet 7 1/2 inches tall. We are fond of all out door sports and are expert dancers. Catholics preferred.

LONESSOME JAZZ BOYS.
Dear Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young man, 19 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds; have dark hair, blue eyes and a clear complexion. I am educated, refined, of good character and am a Protestant. Am fond of sports. I would like to correspond with either Robert Chatter or Walter.

"STAR."

Loneley Heart Editor:
We are two lonely editors, who have just arrived from overseas. We would like to become members of your club. We find it very difficult to secure suitable friends. We would like to communicate with some nice girl of your club. One of us has Auburn hair, blue eyes, rose cheeks, and is 5 feet 7 1/2 inches tall; and 10 years old. The other has brown hair, brown eyes, rose cheeks, and is considered good looking. He is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and is 21 years old.

RAYMOND & CLATTON.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young man, 23 years of age, and would be pleased to correspond with any young woman over 18 years. I am five feet, eleven inches tall, and weigh 160 pounds. During the months of July August and September I travel between Boston and New York, one day in Boston and one day in New York, and I am desirous of making acquaintances in and around Boston as well as in Fall River, where I am now residing.

APOLLO.

Dear Editor:
We are two lonesome boys of Canadian-American birth and would like to correspond with two nice girls of 18 to 19 years of age. We have light hair and light blue eyes and we are five feet, six inches and five feet, four inches tall, respectively. We love all outdoor sports.

BOILEY and JIMMY.

Loneley Heart Editor:
We are two lonely girls from Watertown, fond of anything a girl would like. We are both eighteen and dark, one is 5 feet 3 inches and the other 5 feet 7 inches. Would like to correspond with two gentlemen who are tall and very dark and attractive.

TWO LITTLE ORPHANS.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young lady 11 years old,

5 feet 3 inches tall, with black hair, curly and bobbed, and brown eyes. I am a good dresser and have a good position as a book-keeper. I would like to correspond with a nice Jewish fellow between the ages of 22 and 25. He must be a neat dresser and a real gentleman.

"WAITING SADIEN."
Dear Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young man, 19 years of age, a stranger in Boston, and being here for an indefinite period I am desirous of communicating with some girl who has a propensity toward music, books and the great outdoors.

"HOW TO MAKE STRAWBERRY JAM IN 10 MINUTES"
By Ann Proctor

The finest strawberry jam you ever tasted—chock full of the natural color and flavor—in 10 minutes after the berries are washed and crushed. Use the "Certo Process" because it takes only 10 minutes, boiling, this saves flavor and color, never fades and is in perfect condition for use. To make ten half-pint jars of strawberry jam, take two quarts of ripe berries, wash and crush in a food mill, measure 4 cups crushed berries, add the juice of 1/2 lemon and 1/2 cup sugar. Stir and pour into sterilized jars. Important! Best way to seal Jams and Jellies in open glasses. Cover with hot with thin cut wax paraffin. Next day add table-spoonful hot paraffin to seal cracks around edge formed by shrinkage on cooling.

Use this short "Certo Process" to save all the color and flavor you love, worry and boiling. The "Certo Process" never fades and never loses its flavor, because you make half as much more jam from the same amount of fruit. It is endorsed by national authorities and cooking experts. The above recipe and many others for making delicious Jellies and Jams are in the "Certo Process" book. A copy of which will be given to you by your grocer when you get Certo. Extra copies will be sent free if you write to the Fredin Sales Company, Inc., 108 East Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Certo this year in making Jams and Jellies. It saves time, worry and boiling. The "Certo Process" never fades and never loses its flavor, because you make half as much more jam from the same amount of fruit. It is endorsed by national authorities and cooking experts. The above recipe and many others for making delicious Jellies and Jams are in the "Certo Process" book. A copy of which will be given to you by your grocer when you get Certo. Extra copies will be sent free if you write to the Fredin Sales Company, Inc., 108 East Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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I am 5 feet 9 inches in height and weigh 150 pounds. I am of fair complexion. I would be interested in hearing from a girl with the above-mentioned inclinations. LARCHMONT.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I would like to correspond with a young man of 25 or over. I live in Boston, but have been unable to meet desirable friends. I am fond of dancing, shows and outdoor sports. I have dark hair and eyes and am about 5 feet 4 inches tall. My great and only sorrow is that I am inclined to be fat. Will be pleased to hear from anyone

who can tolerate a person of my description. TIEDA 1

Loneley Heart Editor:
Would like to hear from a Providence young lady. I am a Protestant, twenty-two years old, five feet six inches tall, and weigh 140 pounds. I do not dance, but like theatre and walks and books, though I am not a bookworm. Won't some nice girl please answer this and cheer up a fellow who is not a flirt? A BASHFUL YOUTH.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a lonely widower in the early forties. I am a Protestant, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weigh 190 pounds and

have brown hair and blue eyes. I would like to meet some lady, preferably between thirty and thirty-five who enjoys amusements and who would help me to while away a few pleasant hours once in awhile. FIVE HUNDRED

Loneley Heart Editor:
I'm just a young girl of seventeen and would like to correspond with a nice young man with dark hair between seventeen and twenty years of age. I am very fond of dancing and can play the piano and sing. Would like to correspond with Frederick. BLUE-EYED ELBIE.

Loneley Heart Editor:
I am a young man, 19 years of age, a stranger in Boston, and being here for an indefinite period I am desirous of communicating with some girl who has a propensity toward music, books and the great outdoors.

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Atlantic Club Out To Raise Money

THIS Atlantic Women's Club has started on its fifth year with the following list of officers: President, Mrs. Ralph M. Corcoran; first vice-president, Mrs. David Hamilton; second vice-president, Mrs. William P. Landbeck; recording secretary, Mrs. Herman Smith; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Frank J. Carr; Jr.; treasurer, Mrs. James N. Rice; board of directors, Mrs. Albert Hubbard, Mrs. John Cunningham, Mrs. Alex. Goyette and Mrs. Edwin Fairbanks. Mrs. Albert H. Hall, our retiring president, has consented to be the club's federation secretary for the coming year. There are a great many events of interest in view. Two of these which are at present engaging the attention and activity of the club are a large bridge white party, and a banquet to be held next week. The object of these two affairs is to raise money for the Atlantic Community Association Clubhouse, which is being erected jointly by the Atlantic Women's Club and the men's club, which is known as the Atlantic Improvement Association.

New Board to Receive

Today at 430 a reception will be tendered the new board of management by the Business Men's Club at the clubhouse, No. 144 Bowdoin street. A musical program has been arranged and tea will be served. The receiving line will be the president, Mrs. Elsie Mosser Hutchins; Vice-President, Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard and Mrs. Isabel L. Albee; Treasurer, Mrs. M. C. Burke; Secretary, Mrs. Marjorie Hard and the directors Mrs. Eva Auringer and Mrs. Albert Briggs.

Wayide Inn D. A. R.

Wayide Inn Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Sudbury, has elected the following officers for 1921-1922: Regent, Mrs. Nellie Rice Plake; vice-regent, Mrs. Louise Lovell; recording secretary, Mrs. Emma D. Wellington; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Susan B. Gould; treasurer, Mrs. George D. Milton; registrar, Mrs. Louise Saunders; auditor, Mrs. Eva Holt; historian, Mrs. George H. Goshkin; and historian, Mrs. Lora A. Perry.

Concord Meeting

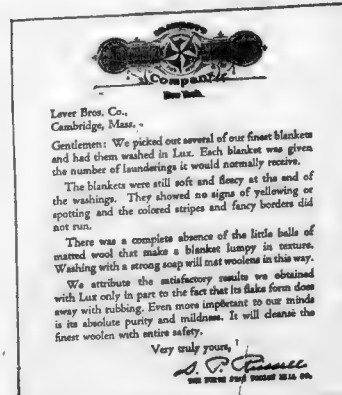
The monthly meeting of the Concord Junction branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held next Thursday afternoon. The president, Mrs. Edward J. McChesley, will be in charge. At this time the matter of changing the name of the branch to the West Concord will be acted upon.

Blankets will stay soft and fleecy washed this way, says famous manufacturer

NOW is the season for storing your blankets. They must be spotlessly clean to keep the moths away. There must not be a trace of dinginess about them.

Wash them the Lux way and have them like new again. You need not hesitate to trust your soft fleecy

blankets to pure Lux suds. There is no rubbing to mat the tiny fibres. Not one bit of solid soap to stick to the soft wool and yellow it. Your blankets come from their Lux bath as big and soft as when you put them in. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



You can Dress Your Baby without Pins or Buttons

Vanta Garments Designed for Health and Comfort—Endorsed by Physicians

Doctors, nurses and hospitals endorse the Vanta way of dressing babies, not only because it is the "pinless, buttonless" way, but because Vanta garments are designed throughout solely for baby-health and comfort. Every Vanta garment is knit of the softest, finest yarn obtainable, and fits without binding. Seams are on the outside to avoid irritation of baby's sensitive skin. Garments are shrunk in the making, so will not shrink in washing.

Little shirts are double-breasted with extra warmth over the abdomen—a necessary protection in this New England climate. It is but one of many Vanta features of comfort and health which you do not find in ordinary baby-wear. There are Vanta shirts, vests, teething-bands, binders, garters, nighties and stockings. So that every mother may know the advantages of these little garments, stores carrying them will give to each mother visiting the Infants' Wear Section a pattern of the patented Vanta diaper.

"FREE PATTERN FOR PINLESS DIAPER"

No dangerous pins to work loose and make baby scream with the pain of pricks and scratches. The Vanta diaper fits with buttonless tape, and folds with extra thickness where needed, but is without the bulk which baby hates. Little more than ordinary diapers are used. This patented pattern is for the baby in the Infants' Wear Section of Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Earnshaw Knitting Co., Newton, Mass.
Earnshaw Sales Co., Chicago, Ill.

Vanta Baby Garments

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL SEASONS



200
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Changes of Bill at Principal Theatres

of the West. "Cops," with Buster Keaton.

able feature program combined
the presentation of a comedy
Newspaper

will be tendered as a testimonial to
Joe Di Pesa and Nick Penfield, of
the Seawyn's publishing staff.

Thursday will bring Elaine Hammerstein in "Evidence" and Conway Tearle in "Shadows of the Sea."

There will be a generous photoplay of the feature photoplays is "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino. The other is "Cops," with Buster Keaton.

...an thing as waste if it will
...to make the picture better.
...I don't worry about the film. That
...we want the best picture which can
...be made is the only thing to think
...about.³ That is the keynote of the
...Conservative system. And to that
...I attribute all the favorable criticism
...of my picture 'Parade' has



IN HER SLIDE FOR LIFE
Daily 3 and 8. DROP OF 400 FEET
 Miss Zander is the new woman in the world, wearing this startling feat.

\$1.50 Dinners in the Restaurant
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Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!

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Up-to-Date Vaudeville and Pictures
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Zoological Gardens
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Garden Swings
Band Concerts Daily
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GILBERT
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"SLIPPY
McGEE"

MARK
KENT
AS
FATHER
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 Sale at Theatre 1 o'clock, Tuesday, Shepard's
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See the Latest Operetta

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Boats Hourly Every Day
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Every Few Minutes
ALL STEAMERS FROM
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Early Practitioner Under Personal Direction of
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BETTY and BILLY— and their love through the ages

American Weekly

Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, May 26, 1922

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No. 22.—Betty of the Orange Blossoms By Nell Brinkley

WAVES of warm, golden sunlight and green boughs laden with fruit as golden as those which tured the swift, white feet of Atlanta from the prize of victory. And in this bowered golden radiance a maid like a dark and lovely flame. Golden butterflies on her fan and a high golden comb in her dusky tresses, she awaited—teasing eyes held fast by the ardent gaze of her lover.

"You were no caballero, Billy," mused Betty. "Look at your yellow hair. How did you win me—I wonder—back in those golden olden California days?"

"Out from the East I came," mused Billy. "Drawn by the spell of your eyes, that I had never seen and yet knew—some how, some way—were waiting for me over the ranges."

"You fought a duel for me," laughed Betty mischievously. "Those proud Spanish dons didn't stand by meekly and watch you woo me, Billy."

"As I remember it I fought a lot of 'em," grinned Billy. "But I must say you were worth fighting for, Betty. By Jingo!" exclaimed Billy excitedly, "I'd go back and fight 'em again if I could to get you again."

"I don't think I like that me that was me in those days," said Betty, a little ruefully. "Not if you want to leave me that is to-day and go back to her, I don't."

"But it was the same you," cried Billy. "I'd still be with you, Betty."

"You'd be with that me—and what would this me do?" mourned Betty. "No, Billy—I like to look at these pictures, but I'm jealous of those other girls that were me too."

"Well, here we are, any way," said Billy. "we CAN'T go back into that magic crystal, Betty, that's been showing us how we loved in past lives. So why worry?"

"But you oughtn't to WANT to go back!" stormed Betty.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

"Bert" Williams' Funniest Stories and Songs

Entertaining Gems by the Well-Known Colored Laugh-Maker
Whose Droll Humor That Delighted
Thousands Has Just Been
Ended by Death



"BERT" WILLIAMS, who died suddenly of pneumonia not so long ago, was the greatest comedian of his race. His widow, Mrs. Lottie Williams, with the aid of Miss Mable Howard, is writing his biography. The foreword will be done by David Belasco. This newspaper presents today, with the permission of the authors, a few of the famous laugh-maker's songs and stories, many of which will appear in his biography.

The Famous Story of Zeb and Old Satan.

AN old colored gentleman by the name of Zeb Moshouse was sued for having a marvellous memory. His master was a Circuit Court judge and used Zeb instead of having to use a stenographer. They drove through different townships, and at court he placed Zeb on a stool back of him on the bench, and every case that came in court Zeb would remember what the defendant or prosecution had to say, maybe six months afterward.

The judge would say to Zeb: "Do you remember when the mule kicked the strap off by the side of the turnout at Colonel Marster's place? Well, what court was that we sat at?" And Zeb would tell exactly. "Do you remember what So-and-so said?" "He said so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so," Zeb would say. "And then what did such-and-such a man say?" "He said so-and-so, and so-and-so, and his lawyer said so-and-so, and so-and-so," and, sure enough, there it was. Zeb got to be known so much and had such a wide reputation that Old Satan came to his master one day and said: "I want that case."

And the master said: "Impossible, because I need him myself right now."

After a long argument the master told Old Satan that if he

could catch Zeb at any time when he did not remember something he was welcome to him.

Zeb had nothing to do when he was not at court except to rake the lawn and keep that clean, and one morning while he was raking the leaves off the lawn the devil appeared before him suddenly and said to Zeb:

"Do you like eggs?"

"Yes."

And then, spiff! and the devil was gone.

Well, that was about fifteen years before the war. After the war the master gave Zeb his freedom, and gave him a little farm where he could get along with his mule and take care of his family, and one morning he was out ploughing and singing his favorite hymn, "Didn't the V'alls of Jericho Fall?" when the light sounded and the devil appeared before him suddenly and said:

"How?"

And Zeb said: "FRIED!"

The Cracker and the Stump—and Others.

IT was not generally known, but the Southern darkies dislikes the "cracker" or shifless white of the South. A Northern man was visiting down Georgia way and ran across an old colored man in a clearing.

"Hello, uncle," he said. "Any 'crackers' around here? By the way, how do you tell a 'cracker' from any other person?"

"Well, sah," said the old darky, "you see that black bump down here in that field?"

"Yes," replied the Northerner.

"Well, sah, now that that might be either a cracker or a stump."

"You all stand here an' watch it for one hour. Then if it moves—it's a stump."

Len didn't own a mole of standing, so the night before Christmas he hunk his trousers in the chimney of the old tumble-down shack he called home.

Next morning a Northern woman came to the shack with gifts. Len stuck out a smiling face through a narrow crack of the door.

"Can't come out, miss," he said. "Can't come out, all on account of a Christmas present. Ah got."

"Can't come out because you got a Christmas present?" asked the astonished lady. "What did you get?"

"Well, Ah guess Ah got a nixah, miss," said Len. "Mah pants is gone."

Bill Sherman was very black. He got a job helping out in one of the light-houses on the Maine coast. About a month later he had a nice old and went over to hang on. There he met an

other colored friend. The following conversation ensued:

"How you like yo' job, Bill?"

"Ah sure got the most 'useless job in the world," said Bill, morosely.

"Yeah—how come?"

"Tip in 'at light-house they's a big light, an' a big whistle an' a big bell."

"Yeah," said Bill.

"Well—when dat fog begins to roll in, den Ah hit that big bell boom! boom! boom! An' that whistle go oom-ah-oom-ah! An' the light keep on a-shinin' an' a-shinin'!"

"Yeah."

"An' that darn fog a-liss come a-rollin' in fast the same, yeah boy—a-rollin' fast the same!"

Sam Johnson didn't believe the world was round and said so.

"Yeah, Sam," said the school teacher, "you can see for yourself it can't be anything but round. The sun rises over there in the east, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, sah, yes, sah."

"Then if the earth isn't round, how does it manage to get back in the east in the morning?"

"Don't you noblin'," said Sam. "O' sun jest natchally slips back at night."

A colored soldier in the A. E. F. went running up to his sergeant during a hot battle and exclaimed, breathlessly: "Sergeant, Kannel Williams jest been injured!"

"What happened to him?" asked the sergeant.

"He jest had his head done blowed right off."

The candidate for Congress was making an outdoor speech to his constituents in a remote county.

"Who dat man, Joe?" asked one darky on the outskirts of the crowd.

"He don't know his name exactly," said Joe, "but he shore do recommed' hisself most likely."

A colored brother is telling a man friend that he thinks his wife must be crazy.

"Why, what do she do that make you think that?"

"She's always askin' me for money. She wants one dollar, two dollars, five dollars—even if it's only fifty cents, she ask me for money two or three times a day."

"Well, what do she do with all this money?"

"Ah don't know, 'cause Ah sin't never give her any."

Mandy dropped in to see her old mistress after an absence of ten years. It was the mistress's birthday, and just as Mandy got there a big bunch of flowers came in.

"Who sent dat bouquet?" asked Mandy.

"Yo' husband? Yo' mean yo' husband sent 'em?" asked Mandy doubtfully.

"Of course, my husband sent 'em."

"An' you been married now twenty years?"

"Why, yes—but why?"

"Tallah-uh!" shouted Mandy. "He sure am holdin' out well."

Three of His Best Songs

CRUEL AND BRUTAL

The only trouble with my feel is that they hurt—that's all. They constantly remind me every time they rise and fall. Because they do not hurt the same, I call them each by a different name—

"Cruel" is the left one here an' "Brutal" that's the other's name.

Chorus:

"Cruel," "Brutal," they know not what they do to me; They ain't a thing about the weather they don't know.

When the big front toe on "Brutal" starts its own peculiar pat I don't need to read no papers, ma'am, I know it's gawn ter rain.

And "Cruel" has a power to predict a thunder shower by swellin' till with pain my brain has reeled.

Oh, the calluses and other things that bud and blossom every Spring

Way down yonder in my cornfield!

NODODY.

When life seems full of clouds and rats

An' I'm filled with nothin' and pain—

Who snoots my 'thumps', bumpin' brain?

NODODY!

"How?" Asked Satan, and Zeb Said: "FRIED!"

"HOW often do you kill a man on this here line?" asked the passenger of the porter.

"Jest once, boss," he replied. "Jest once."

My Uncle Rastus was a great man for melons. One night he caught him in Colonel Marston's patch. As soon as he saw the lard him he said: "Good Lord, dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray an' no' without being 'sturbed'."

A sportily dressed coon, with a gold watch and chain, is standing at the end of Main street in a small town in front of the jail. A prisoner from his barred window calls to him: "Bar, mistab, what time is it?"

The swell coon looks around at him scornfully and says:

"Whut YOU wanna know fur—is YOU goin' any place?"

Another colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All Ah has to say is this, Judge: 'If you-all hangs me, you-all hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee'."

"Uncle Timothy," said the lady to the old colored man, "Uncle Timothy, do you think it right to leave your wife at the wash tub while you go fishing?"

"Yessah, yessah, it's all right, Miss Mary," said Uncle Timothy. "Mah wife don't need no washin'. She'll work just as hard as if Ah was there."

Introduce Mrs. Samuel Johnson introduce her children to the visitors:

"Dis am John an' dis am Henry an' dis am 'Lizabeth an' dis, my youngest one, am named Ferdillizer."

The visitors are curious. Mrs. Johnson explains:

"Mah husband an' me thought maybe he would be the last an' we named him after both of us. Mah husband's name is Ferdinand an' mine is Eliza, so we called him Ferdillizer."

A colored private was assigned to the wrong regiment, and when the time came for action at the front he spoke to his captain about it, hoping to escape going over the top while waiting to be put in his own regiment.

The captain looked at him sharply and said: "Over the top in the morning."

The coon began to fret and get scared.

The sergeant reassured him. "Don't be scared. I've been over the top and I never got hurt because when the bullets and the shrapnel come I just sting between them, see?"

After the battle the sergeant was walking through the hospital when he recognized the colored private all bandaged up. He went up to the bed and said:

"What's the matter? Didn't you remember what I told you?"

He said: "Yes, boss. Ah remembered all right, but Ah guess mah must a sized when Ah should a sized."

A certain theatrical troupe, after a dreary and unsuccessful tour, finally arrived in a small New Jersey town. That night, though there was no future or general uprising of the audience, there was enough handclapping to arouse the troupe's dejected spirits. The leading man stepped to the footlights after the first act and bowed profusely. Still the clapping stopped hand laughing heartily.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked the actor, throwing out his chest.

"What you all mean?" inquired the stage hand.

"Why, the hand-clapping out there," was the reply.

"Hand-clapping?"

"Yeah," said the actor, "they are giving me enough applause to show that they appreciate me."

"You call call dat applause?" inquired the old darky. "Why, 't ain't applause. Dat's de audience killin' 'sketers'!"

Some "Spruce Bigby" Stories

"SPRUCE BIGBY" is an old colored negro, was a creature of the imagination of Alex Rogers. He is the central figure of the following stories which Bert Williams often told at private affairs.

The wooden-legged preacher was admiring Spruce's legs from outside the fence. "Ah, Brother Bigby, dem hogs of yours in in fine condition."

Spruce answered:

"They sure is. Et all of us was as fit to do as dem hogs in there wouldn't be a thing for us to preach about."

Old Spruce was in Charleston when the earthquake occurred down there, and to show that he fully appreciated the seriousness of the occasion, here is the prayer that he rushed up:

"Aw, Lord, come on down here! Come on down here, YO' SELB! Come on down here, Lord! Don't go sendin' no angels or sons of yo' family! Come on down, YO' OWN SELB, 'cause dis ain't nothin' to play! Amen, Lord—an' HURRY!"

Spruce Bigby claims that he saw a certain friend of his limping down the street the other day with both feet bandaged and crying fit to break his heart. Spruce asked: "Why, what on earth's de matter—how'd he hurt yo' feet?"

The friend stopped crying long enough to explain:

"I was standin' down here on dat hard stone pavement, bare footed, an' Bufe Strong took an' hit me 'cross de head wid a club. De doctor say my ankles is wrenched. I was lucky tho', 'cause de club broke de fast time he hit me. De doctor say ef he ef he hit me 'cross de head again dat'd be a jest 'bout broke my insteps. My feet always WUZ tender."

"I used to be jes' 'cray 'bout ankle," said Spruce, "but here lately I had to gib 'em up—'up I heah' so much 'bout dat ankleplay!"

Spruce was taken down mighty ailing one day. A friend came to see him.

"Heckon Ah better got a doctor for you right quick, Spruce," says he.

"Get him," groaned Spruce, "but Ah don't want no maa-doctor. Ah want a hoo-doctor."

"Hoo-doctor?" said the friend. "What?" you want a hoo-doctor? You ain't no hoo."

"No," says Spruce, "but a maa-doctor he dose ask you a lot of questions 'an' you have to answer 'em. But a hoo can't talk back. So the hoo doctor jes' maa-chorally has to know what's the matter with you hefo'hand. Man you git me a hoo-doctor."

The wooden-legged preacher (called on Spruce and found him out in his back yard lan'-ing on his hen house door. When the parson got near enough he could see that the hen house was empty. He said:

"Why, Brother Bigby, where's all your chickens?"

"'Lah," grunted Spruce without looking up, "anme fool done let 'em go to open an' dey all went home."

A colored preacher saw Spruce smoking a pipe one day. "Ma frow," he said, "Abum sorry to see you doin' that."

"Why, what's de matter?" asked Spruce.

"Doin' you know," said the preacher, "dat no unclean thing can enter the kingdom of Hehven? Ah don't know, but Ah figure on leavin' mah breath behin' me."

"Well," opined Spruce, "when Ah die Ah figure on leavin' mah breath behin' me."

"No!" Ah tell you! He finally replied, after looking the men in the box over very carefully. "Ah'm not 'sactly in trainin', but Ah think Ah could pull off a round or two wid dat f' boy in de corps."

"Prinner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

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The Very Embarrassing Predicament of Pastor Archibald Who Invited Virginia Pearson, the Actress, to Occupy His Pulpit---and Then the Deacons of the Church Shut the Door on Her

Miss Virginia Pearson in a Part on the Stage Representing
a Vampish Character.

It would have been as full had it been three times as big. Outside they clamored for admission. Down in the front row

Protests from Mr Archibald that Pearson's appearance had been widely advertised, and that the crowd would be appointed had no effect upon the decision. It was Sunday morning when the

"It's easy enough for a stage
to be a pillar of the church after
dark. Oh I'm a vamp by profes-
sion of a decent woman by choice
My sermon was to be on

vampire to
the curtain
sion. But
Efforts to

Mrs Virginia Pearson,
Dear Madam(selle):-
I am very sorry. But conservation is a real thing
Cordially, H. Schubert Pastor.
Letter Sent to Mrs Pearson Re

Letter Sent to Virginia Pearson by Rev. Mr Archibald, by Order of the Deacons of the Church, Withdrawing the Minister's Invitation

Miss Virginia Pearson in Real Life, Photographed at Atlantic City.

on the corner. And the next night they attended the theatre where she was singing, as an expression of respect and approval.

Mayor Henri Bourque expressed regret for the loss of the beautiful Virginia in the name of all residents.

Loath to drop his project, Mr. Archibald urged that he had planned to draw from Miss Pearson's story inspiration for a sermon on the stage. If she could not talk, his inspiration, he said, could not be derived.

Still, in view of all circumstances, we decided that it would be better if the lady kept to the stage. Whereupon we instructed the minister to write her a little note expressing his regret and telling her that his invitation must be withdrawn. He

long years I've been happily married to Sheldon Lewis, whom I never abuse, who never abuses me.

"I've spoken before vast audiences of highly intelligent people in churches and halls all over the country. I've appeared on the same platform with Sir Armand Conan Doyle and other men of note—the deacons of the First Baptist Church in Nashua wouldn't have me. I suppose because they think I'm a vampiric off the stage as well as on. Well, I'm NOT!"

The First Baptist Church of Nashua, N. H., Which Virginia Pearson Was Invited to Attend and Preach to the Congregation, But Was Forbidden by the Deacons to Occupy the Pulpit.

"It's easy enough for a stage vampire to be a pillar of the church after the curtain falls. Oh I'm a vamp by profession. But not a decent woman by choice."

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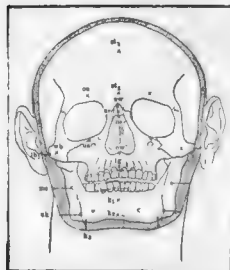
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How We Know What Our Cave-Man

The Recent Achievement of the New York Police
the Same Scientific Methods Which Tell Us
Strange Monsters of Prehistoric Days Looked
Us an Accurate Picture of "Adam"



Front and Side Views of a Head, Showing the Established Points on the Skull Upon Which Science Relies in Rebuilding the Face. St. Forehead Line of Hair, St. Forehead; Glabella, N. Nasion; Nr. Middle of Internal Suture, Na, Rhinion; Free End of Nasal, Or, Alarion; Base of Upper Lip at Septum, Lg, Prothion; Middle of Mouth, Upr, Upper Lip, K, Transverse Furrow of Chin at Base of Lower Lip, Kv, Gnathion; Point of Chin, Directed Forward, Ks, Beneath Chin, Directed Forward, ea, Middle of Eyebrow, or Superciliary Ridge, na, Middle of Lower Rim of Orbit, mb, Middle of Jugal Bone, Highest Point, jbi, Middle of Zygomatic Arch, Uls, Side of Mandible, in Front of Malar, Ms, Middle of Ramus, Transverse, Kw, Gonion, Angle of Jaw.

THIS recent achievement of Captain Williams and the New York police detectives in putting back on an old skull picked up in the woods the lost features of Lillian White was not the first accomplishment of this kind. It was in 1916, when he was then lieutenant Grant Williams, in charge of the Bureau of Unidentified Dead of the Police Department, that he performed the first successful experiment in building up a dead skull so that it could be identified as the same.

On September 12, of 1916, workmen excavating a rock farm in Canastota, N. Y., unearthed a human skull. On the back of the skull there was a slit or hole corresponding to the sharp end of a hatchet. There were other gashes which made it evident that the bones were the result of a murdered man.

The discovery of the skull was made by a man who was a member of the Canastota Club. He was a man of about 35 years of age, who had been a member of the club for about 10 years.

Such was the case as it was turned over to the Bureau of Unidentified Dead.

If only this skull could speak! Lieutenant Williams gazed at the battered cranium for hours at a time in search of an inspiration.

Quite casually Lieutenant Williams allowed his thumb and fingers to pass heavily over his own skull, and he was instantly struck by the comparatively thin layer of skin and flesh which covered it. Surely the face must be some more or less intimate relation to the formation of the skull. Was the relation definite? If so, why hadn't science taken a skull and built up on it in clay or plaster the face for which it was the foundation?

Lieutenant Williams decided to put the matter up to the Central Testing Laboratory, the city's analytical bureau, which is now being used to a considerable extent in the investigation of criminal cases.

At first the detective's plan was postponed. It was true, he was told, that some work had been done by German and

French scientists along these very lines, but nothing of the kind had been attempted by criminologists in this country. Lieutenant Williams was so insistent that an attempt at least be made in this case that Dr. Albert B. Pictet, of the laboratory, was assigned to assist him in the experiment.

Mr. Agostino Pictet, the doctor's father, a well-known sculptor and wood-carver who had had considerable experience in Italy in molding dead masks, was assigned to perform the actual work of reconstructing the dead man's face.

After studying such literature on the subject as was available, and securing the necessary material, Mr. Pictet appeared at Lieutenant Williams's office in police headquarters and commenced to work on the unique task.

Distillate of a greenish gray color, such as is used for ordinary modeling, was used. With two loops mounted on pieces of putty, Mr. Pictet marked out certain pivotal points on the skull which were to guide him in shaping his work. These touchpoints were placed, for instance, on the forehead directly above the center of each eyebrow as indicated on the skull by the sharp ridges. In the center of each ear, just below the ear, at the middle of each of the second premolar (bicuspids) teeth, and one was placed directly over the median line of the nasal bone, and another at the middle of the hollow of the upper lip as indicated on the skull by the protrusion.

These touchpoints accurately placed, Mr. Pictet then proceeded to cover the skull with the clay, according to certain measurements which scientific workers have established to be the average dimensions of the human face.

To ascertain the depth of the clay as was depositing on a particular part of the skull, the sculptor used a device he had devised especially for this experiment. It consisted of a fine brass needle seven eighths of an inch long, with a sharp point, which he pushed into the clay at any desired point and adjusting the gauge, Mr. Pictet was enabled to ascertain the exact thickness of the layer of clay at that point and to correct it if it departed from the scientific formula.

In this way slowly but surely, the face of the dead man was gradually brought again into being. When this part of the

"In restoring a human face the thickness of the muscles upon the various parts is first established and then little pyramids are constructed of corresponding thickness all over the skull. These are joined by a layer of plaster to represent the flesh."

work was completed all it lacked was hair and eyes. A few tufts of hair had been found attached to the skull when it was first unearthed. These were carefully cleaned at the testing laboratory and examined under the microscope, and the pigment was discovered to be of a chestnut brown color.

Hair of this color was obtained from a barber shop and was used to furnish the eyebrows and such parts of the head as would not be covered by a hat. Owing to the fact that there are so many different ways of combing the hair (the subject might, indeed, have been bald) no attempt was made to touch the top of the skull at all. It being decided that for purposes of identification the most desirable plan was to place a hat or cap on the reconstructed head.

It was believed that the man's eyes were in all probability of a chestnut shade, matching his hair, and artificial eyes of that color were accordingly obtained and inserted.

A collar and tie were adjusted to the neck, which consisted of an ordinary tin coffee can upon which the skull had been fastened.

When the reconstructed skull was taken in its various types of hats and caps. Few closely these photographs reproduced the features of the dead man no one at that time was able to say. Lieutenant Williams was a case in point. Mr. Pictet had called fully followed the data developed by scientific workers who had devoted years of study to this subject, and he was very confident that a remarkable result had been obtained. How successful it was to prove in identifying the unknown skull as that of the man who had been brought to life by the photographs, the detective and his assistants journeyed over to

A VERY creditable achievement of the New York police in reconstructing the features on the bare bones of the skull of a murdered girl has recently attracted no little public interest.

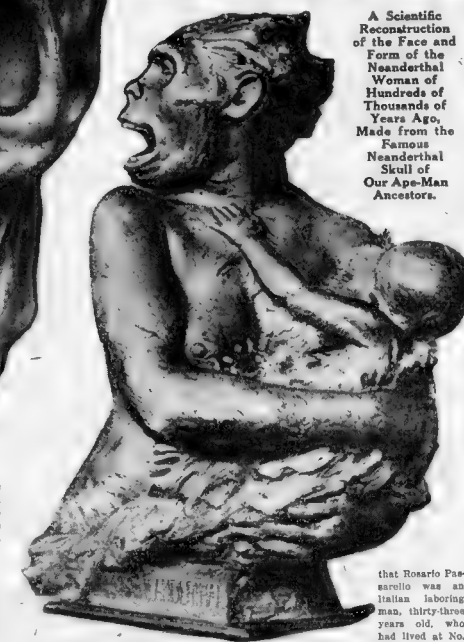
The full significance and wide range of application of this newest achievement of science has not been fully appreciated.

In our museums are the reconstructed monster animals of prehistoric days, standing with all the life-like appearance of their real bulk and features tens of thousands of years ago, before man came upon the earth.

And so, too, science has built into almost living statues the figures and faces of our old cave-dwelling ancestors—and the ape-man and ape-woman of earliest times.

If there has been some question as to the accuracy of these reconstructed museum specimens of the curious beasts of the past and of our savage forefathers, the doubt as to the practical scientific value of the methods of reconstruction are now no longer open to question when a dry skull can be picked up in the woods, and by applying the rules of reconstruction a face can be built upon that skull so that friends of the dead girl recognize her with such startling certainty that a sister faints as she fixes her eyes upon the well-known features of the reconstructed skull.

Elsewhere on this page is told in detail the methods by which science is able to bring back with all the verisimilitude of life the face and features and figure of the individual, sometimes from only one bone of the body or even from a single tooth.



A Scientific Reconstruction of the Face and Form of the Neanderthal Woman of Hundreds of Thousands of Years Ago, Made from the Famous Neanderthal Skull of Our Ape-Man Ancestors.

in bed. They demanded that he get up and accompany them, which he did. He was never seen alive again.

Passarello's sister called at Romano's house, No. 146 Backman street, but could not get in. She sought to obtain a warrant for Romano's arrest, but this was refused because there was no evidence that Passarello had met with foul play.

Upon the strength of this evidence, added to the finding of Passarello's remains, which were identified through the check, a cheap pocket watch and a small penknife found upon him, the police arrested Romano. A coroner's jury which heard the dead man's sister tell her story brought in a verdict accusing Romano of murder.

In the meanwhile, Romano and several relatives and friends of Passarello who had also known La Rosa had been taken to Lieutenant Williams's office and there confronted with the reconstructed head of the murdered man.

"It is the face of Dominic-Dominic La Rosa," cried Mrs. Pietro, darting forward and planting a kiss on the clay face before she could be restrained. Such is the custom of Sicilians on approaching the dead, according to Lieutenant Williams.

Similar identification was made by others in the group. All were positive that the reconstructed head was that of their missing friend. As for Romano, not once did he avert his gaze from the grim visage of the man he was accused of having murdered. His own face assumed the greenish-gray color of the rebuilt head, but he uttered not a word.

Suddenly Mrs. Pietro darted at Romano. "Why did you kill my brother?" she shrieked.

Detectives held her back and she became hysterical. She and the five friends were then dismissed, and Romano was placed under arrest and put in a cell.

So, also, following much the same methods, Williams, who had been promoted to a police captaincy, undertook to build features that fitted the skull found recently in the woods on top of Cheesecock Mountain, near Nyack, N. Y. The bones of a skeleton were found by boys and the village authorities buried them. The police finally became interested, dug up the bones and Captain Williams, with a few simple instruments and a substance used in modeling called platinol, reconstructed the skull into the features of a girl who had wandered away from Lettichville and had been murdered. The resemblance was complete. At sight of it three employees of the institution of which she had been an inmate recognized her. They said, "That was Lillian White. There can be no mistake. We knew her well."

On seeing it her sister cried, "That looks just like father. And Lillian looked like father more than any of the rest of us children did."

Another sister sobbingly placed her hand on the head and said, "I will murder the man who murdered my little sister" and fainted.

The strange object traveled from Garrettsville, to New York for identification by relatives. They had to Rockland County to give solemn testimony before a grand jury that was asked to indict its murderer. The journeys were made by the sister, who had reconstructed it from a skeleton to a recognizable and identifiable imitation of a human face and figure.

(Continued on Next Page)

that Rosario Passarello was an Italian laboring man, thirty-three years old, who had lived at No. 2280 Atlantic

avenue, Brooklyn, two years before.

At that address the police found Mrs. Marie Pietro, a sister of Passarello, and the story she told fully explained the tragedy of the two skeletons.

Dominic La Rosa, a lawabiding street worker in the Department of Street Cleaning, it appeared, had incurred the enmity of a gang of Black Handers. Whether he refused to succumb to blackmail or knew too much of the operations of the band is not revealed, but, at any rate, one day in March, 1914, La Rosa was shot in the back.

Badly wounded, the victim dragged himself to the house of his friend, Rosario Passarello, and Mrs. Pietro, the latter's sister, nursed him back to health. Passarello was a friend of one of the leaders of the gang and La Rosa appealed to him to intercede with the gang for him, that his life might not again be jeopardized.

Apparently Passarello did his best and nothing more happened to La Rosa while Passarello was on hand to protect him. In July, however, Passarello was sent to jail for three months for stealing wire from the Long Island Railroad. When he was released he found that his friend, La Rosa, had completely disappeared. He was told that the missing man had not been seen for several days.

Seventeen feet from the spot where the skeleton had been unearthed the workmen were excavating came upon a second skeleton! In the clothing in which this skeleton was attired was found a check for \$10 drawn by Arnaldo Locatelli on the Franklin Trust Co. of Quincy, Mass. To the order of Rosario Passarello.

Kayser Silk Gloves

-Her Choice



Why twelve million women choose Kayser Silk Gloves

For the most practical reasons in the world: They fit so well and they last so long—every pair as perfect as human hands can make them.

Made with double finger tips to insure long wear. A guarantee ticket with every pair: "The tips outwear the gloves."

And Kayser Gloves cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Short gloves, 75c a pair and up
Long gloves, \$1.25 a pair and up

"Her Choice" for three generations

JULIUS KAYSER & CO. - - - NEW YORK



**The Fascinating Young
Love-Maker of the Movies
Who Won and Lost One Tender
Heart Has Now Picked a
Rich Wife for His Second
Adventure**

Head
Rich

THE announcement that Mr. Rodolph Valentino, the newest screen idol of the "flapper" and other impressive young ladies, has married Miss Winifred Hudnut, daughter of the wealthy well-known perfumer, has caused a wave of sorrow to pass over the ranks of his emotional followers.

But particularly does he roll a wicked eye! Large and lustroously dark, tender as a dove's when they rest upon the object of his heart, sparkling with gay defiance when foiling his enemies, shooting black fires when he is "putting the boots" to the villain—those eyes send thrills down the romantic backs of thousands upon thousands of young ladies daily and nightly.

They know, of course, that Mr. Valentino

Therefore the motion picture people are worrying a little about Mr. Valentino's sweet-scented romance and that thrill of sorrow it has sent through the flappers. Will his exquisite love-making on the screen "get over" as strongly with his worshippers now that there is a Mrs. Valentino?

A black and white illustration of a woman, identified as Winifred Hadley, Perfumer. She is shown from the waist up, wearing a long, light-colored dress with a dark belt. Her hair is dark and styled in a bob. She is looking slightly to the right with a gentle expression. The background is plain.

But besides that, there is another and worse disillusionment: The announcement of the engagement brought to light the fact that the man who had married Mrs. Valentino was not the same as the Mrs. Valentino who had gotten a divorce from the screen star-breaker!

It is not surprising, therefore, why, if Mr. Valentino knows so much about jockeying on the screen and is, for instance, so sure that he can make a fortune, he couldn't have kept the first Mrs. Valentino happy and contented? How, in the face of this, could he have been so sure of a screen shadow but the actual outcome of his marriage? And if he is so sure of his actual self beside her in intimate companionship, how could any woman bear to be deceived by him?

It appears that the romance of Valentino and Miss Madam began to blossom long before the marriage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the marriage should have been a failure.

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997

was granted. Miss Hudson, although very rich, has, for half of her short life of twenty-five years, been intent upon the stage he ate sparsely.

Out there he had met a little motion picture actress named Jean Acker. She was not a star, but, still, she was very much more in demand than Valentino. She fell in love with him. They married.

budding happenings in a "career." Her father, Richard Hudnut, is one of those who have made perfume as famous as certain kinds of soap and cigars. He long had New York

headquarters, but some years ago, after amassing a large fortune, he retired, and has since spent

all his time in his
and Riviera—where the
s from which his per-
were made grow so
ely.

Both Mine Nazimova and the performer's daughter decided that he certainly did know how to make love. Valentin went through the play to the satisfaction of the director, and then ensued another period of idleness for Nazimova's play had no

And then one morning Valentino, like Byron, awoke to find himself famous. This motion picture public had elected him a star. He had literally taken away the

was not the career for which he had longed, either. He gave up dancing, appeared at Hollywood, as art director and co-

emely interesting ad-
millionaire perfumer's
was much newspaper

...at that time was seeking a career, but, unlike her, poor. The son of an ardent, he had had a

standing in America. She had been gotten in the demy at Perugia and Genoa—but it didn't do her good in the States. She was a while with Jean Baptiste, she hazarded, the excess was taken up by someone else. At any rate, she began suit for separate maintenance and introduced in her suit a picture of Miss Hudson, whose professional name, by the way, is Natasha Rambova and Rudolph. In it Miss

Rambova reclined gracefully on and in the arms of Valentino. It was only a dancing pose which they were rehearsing for a

The reports on a long and hard day's work were rich in detail and the day's work was a success. The day grew stronger with each hour. The day was anything but a success. Mr. A. J. C. was a success.

for them to give out their own plots. Healdorff there was a... after the flappers to be considered.

just another half-century ago. And it is still the best of times for a

And we have μ_{11} and μ_{22} as a first approximation for μ_{11} and μ_{22} and μ_{12} of the

declines. I'm not going to let any
link for the way of the performance
join of being so. And that's what
one of those ways is. The people who
on their bureau, and over time, you

cently expressed in an attempt to

"All women think I am a very handsome man,"

very deep. That is no reason to
in an affair of another's confidence is
often better than the real thing.

"How completely the modern woman in America tries to destroy romance. How ugly and cut-and-dry it has become—love! But it must be marriage or it is lost."

ugly scandal. The brilliant, absorbing, delightful, dangerous, innocent—sometimes—sport of love, how it goes! She knows too much about life and too little about emotion. She knows all of the bad

"American women are terribly pretty. Even when they are quite ugly they are

pretty. They are always well dressed. And they always behave as though they were beautiful—which gives them great poise. But they lack softness, they lack feminine charm and sweetness. You cannot imagine them doing their bits of new

ing, washing mending and what not. They dabble, but they do not warm. They are magnificient when they are dressed up.

The χ^2 test for the null hypothesis of no association between the two variables was applied to the data. The results are shown in Table 1. The χ^2 test indicates that there is a significant association between the two variables ($p < 0.05$).

[illegible]

$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} \right) = \frac{1}{4}$

[illegible][illegible]

TABLE 1. *Continued*

TABLE 1
Summary of the results of the 1996 survey of the 1000 most common
invertebrates in the 1000 most common plants

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$	$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{y}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial y}$
$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{z}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial z}$	$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{\theta}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial \theta}$
$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{\phi}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial \phi}$	$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{\psi}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial \psi}$

[illegible]

Papa Hudon is a small town of the finest and most picturesque on the Riviera. It is reported that the Duke Rodolph and his wife will visit there.

Valentino and his rich wife will both give up their careers and live abroad hereafter. Such is the rumor out at Hollywood.

If they do, there is a wonderful quotation from Alfred de Musset that the flappers "Great Lover" can quote: "As all the perfumes of the vanished day Rise from the earth still moistened with the dew."

So from my chastened soul beneath thy
Old love is born anew.

Had
your
iron
today?



Little Sun-Maid Raisins 5¢

Sold
Everywhere



They Give You Pep And *brace* you against fatigue

*Try these delicious seedless raisins. They are
Nature's energizing sweets—rich in sugar and iron.*

YOU'LL like these dainty Sun-Maid Raisins now offered in such convenient form. Carry a packet in your pocket, keep one on your desk, eat Sun-Maids.

You'll like the taste—and you'll like the effect, for Sun-Maids are energy producers as well as sweets. They drive away that 3 o'clock fatigue—give renewed vitality when the hours begin to drag.

All of us need the precious food-iron contained in Sun-Maids. All of us need the pure, pre-digested, heat-producing sugar. Men need these elements for the vigor that makes work seem fun—women for that radiant vitality which attracts—children to replace energy drained by play.

And how the kiddies love Sun-Maids—just watch their faces as they eat them. Nature gives them the instinctive desire for sweets—fuel for their active little bodies. Mothers, Nature is always right—don't ignore this instinct, guide it. The kiddies need sweets—give them little Sun-Maids—Nature's own sweetmeats.

Why Sun-Maids are so good for you

The conditions under which they are grown is the secret—the cause of their delicious flavor and of their inherent goodness.

Picked when fresh ripe grapes in California vineyards, sunshine alone makes them into raisins. In California no chemicals are needed to hasten drying. They draw their heat value direct from the sun. Clean, hot, vitalizing rays treble in the raisins the energy content of the original grape. Taken in clean wooden trays from their sun-bath to great glass-walled packing houses, they are weighed and boxed by machinery under conditions of perfect hygiene.

They are never touched by hand until you open the packet. Sun-Maids have so high a food value because they instill the energy of Nature into the body through the natural heat of pure fruit sugar and the vitalizing properties of assimilable iron. Sugar is the food that gives the body fuel. Sun-Maids are 71% sugar—practically pre-digested fruit sugar that will not harm those who cannot take the ordinary kind. Even kidney sufferers safely can satisfy their craving for sweets with Sun-Maids.

The iron content of Sun-Maids is equally important. Two little packets a day mean 10% more iron than usual—an invaluable aid to health, for this iron is in such a form that it is absorbed directly into the blood. Many people don't get enough iron in their diet. You need but a little iron daily, yet that need is vital. More iron means to you more vitality and power.

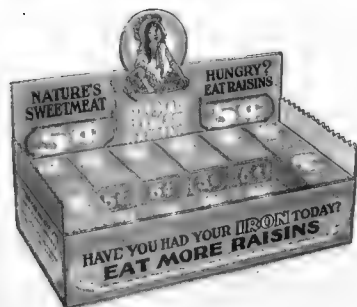
Vigor at 5c a packet

The employer, who would supply Sun-Maids to his staff would find his outlay repaid by a "dividend" of increased energy.

The office worker, the mill worker and outdoor workers—all get 3 o'clock fatigue—all need this energy food that costs so little but does so much.

Test this new food-energizer yourself. When you acquire the "Sun-Maid Habit" that so many are now forming, you will realize the value of this healthful custom—inexpensive, yet delightful. Start the habit today. Get a packet of little Sun-Maids at lunch-time. Eat them—a palmtop at a time—and get another packet for the folks at home.

You can get them anywhere at fruit stands, drug stores or sweetshops, or where you buy your amokes. They are so handy—a packet or two can be carried about in pocket or handbag without inconvenience.



LITTLE SUN-MAIDS

Emperor Karl's Heart On Its Way to the Royal Sanctuary

But the Body of the Poverty-Stricken, Exiled Monarch May Never Reach the Historic Crypt of the Capuchin Chapel in Vienna Where the Hapsburgs Have Been Buried for 600 Years



The Late Emperor Karl and the Empress Zita with Their Little Son, Archduke Otto. The Photograph Taken Before Their Exile to Madeira.

With the emperor Karl and his wife and poverty the other day at Madeira, there was one privilege of royalty which remained to him.

He retained the right of being divided up into three parts, according to the ancient greekish ceremonies which have survived to a great extent among royalty, and of being buried at different places in his former domains.

The despatches from Funchal, Madeira, have told us how after a service in the little church of the Monte there, the ex-emperor's remains were placed in a temporary vault.

His heart was taken out, carefully embalmed and placed in an urn of crystal. This in turn was placed in a beautiful silver urn to be sent to Austria according to the immemorial rites of the Hapsburg family. A Portuguese sculptor finally made a model of the dead monarch's face.

The heart of the ex-emperor will be placed in the Loretto Chapel of the old Court Church of the Augustine Friars at Vienna, which dates from 1520. Here are arranged the silver urns of similar design containing the hearts of all the members of the imperial house of Hapsburgs who have died during the last six hundred years or so.

Those two are the late Archduke John, who was lost at sea after giving up his rank at court, and the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who was murdered by an anarchist. The ancient triple dismemberment of the body observed in the Hapsburg family, appeared shocking to the beautiful Empress, and after much argument she arranged that her remains should be preserved entire in a huge silver coffin in the church of the Capuchins.

In every other case, when death overtakes a member of the Hapsburg family his heart is placed in the silver urn in the Loretto Chapel, the bowels and stomach are put in another silver urn and deposited in the crypt of the famous old Cathedral of St. Stephen, while the balance of the dismembered body is consigned to the vaults of the church of the Capuchins.

While it is decided that ex-emperor Karl's heart shall rest in the time-honored place in Vienna, there is some doubt as to the disposal of the rest of his body. Hungary, which has shown more affection for him than any part of his former dominions, will, it is said, claim the honor of burying at least the third portion of his remains.

The silver urns containing the hearts of the Hapsburgs are arranged on a semi-circular shelf in the Loretto Chapel of the church of the Capuchins in Vienna. Any visitor can inspect them for a few cents.

At the burial of the third portion of an Austrian emperor's body in the Chapel of the Capuchins is an especially impressive ceremonial. It was last performed fully at the death of the old Emperor Francis Joseph in 1916. After a funeral ceremony of great splendor in palace, streets and cathedral the coffin was carried to the



The Chapel of the Capuchins in Vienna Where the Bodies of the Hapsburg Emperors Have Been Buried for 500 Years, While Their Hearts Have Been Preserved in the Augustine Chapel and Their Intestines in St. Stephen's Cathedral.

door of the vault. A Capuchin monk within the door asked: "Who is there?" A court functionary answered: "His Most Serene Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph."

"I know him not. Who is there?" repeated the monk.

"The Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary," the court functionary returned.

"I know him not. Who is there?" "A sinful man—our brother Francis Joseph," answered the official.

Then the coffin was admitted. The hearts of royal, imperial and noble persons have since the earliest times been the object of special veneration. Those of the kings of England, France, Spain and other countries have at various times in the past received separate burial, and many strange scenes and episodes have occurred in connection with these ceremonies.

Mr. Frederick Cunliffe Owen, C. B. E., the well-known writer on European affairs, relates what is perhaps the most remarkable incident ever recorded in connection with a royal heart. It relates to the heart of King Louis XIV., often called "le Roi Soleil," the most magnificent and extravagant monarch in French history.

His heart was preserved in the historic Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, where all the kings of France were buried for eight hundred years before the Revolution. The hearts of many of the kings were kept

The Exiled Emperor Karl's Body Lying in the Simple, Improvised Chapel in the Villa at Madeira, a Contrast to the Stately Burial Ceremonials of His Ancestors.

here in silver urns, apart from the bodies. In 1793, at the height of the Revolution, the mob broke into the Abbey, plundered much of the contents, broke open the royal coffins and threw the bones to a ditch.

One of the looters went away with the silver urn containing Louis XIV's heart and sold it to the second Earl Harcourt, a very eccentric British peer of very advanced ideas, who happened to be in Paris at the time. This Lord Harcourt's son was a friend of Dean William Buckland, of Westminster Abbey, who was noted both as an ecclesiastic and a scientist. On one occasion when the Dean was entertaining a party of friends at dinner, Lord Harcourt brought the King's heart along with him, in its silver casket in which he had placed it, in order to show it to his host and to his fellow guests.

Shrunk to the size of a small unit, it was passed round the table, from hand to hand, for inspection. But it never got beyond Dean Buckland. This eminent ecclesiastic was famous for his amazing absence of mind and was also short-sighted. At the time the butler brought to him King Louis XIV's dried heart the Dean was telling about the wonders of the Jurassic era. Mistaking the heart for a crust of bread, he picked it up and swallowed it without thinking much about it. The butler's conception of etiquette did not permit him to interrupt the Dean.

The Dean did not long afterward, of infelicitous trouble, and lies buried in the abbey over which he reigned as dean. Mr. Cunliffe Owen suggests that it is difficult to believe that he could have ever digested such a tough morsel as the selfish, dried-up heart of "le Roi Soleil," and it is just possible that it may be resting inside the anatomy of the Dean, within the walls of Great Britain's Walhalla, the Abbey of Westminster.

Historians of the French Revolution say that several of the silver royal hearts stolen from St. Denis were sold to artists who wished them to mix with their colors.



"When King Louis XIV's Heart Was Passed Round the Dinner Table as a Curiosity, Dean Buckland, of Westminster Abbey Who Was Extraordinarily Absent-Minded and Short-Sighted, Picked It Up, Thinking It Was a Crust of Bread, and Calmly Swallowed It."



The Stately Funeral Ceremony of the Late Emperor Francis Joseph in the Hofburg Chapel in Vienna, Which Was Denied to the Unhappy Emperor Karl.

It is well-known that the colors used by the old masters possessed a durability and beauty which are not known now. The secrets of their composition were lost at the time of the Revolution as they are today. At one time it was supposed that the early artists ground up human hearts and other strange substances difficult to obtain to make their colors.

The human heart was supposed to furnish a peculiarly rich, dove-colored paint. It is asserted by some chroniclers that the pictures of David, Ingres and several artists of the revolutionary and Napoleonic era were painted with colors made from the old kings' hearts. Still another tragedy of a French ruler's heart is recorded—this time it is that of the great Napoleon III. His grand-son, the Duke of Aosta, after whom a Parisian boulevard is named, and Dr. Carasso, a distinguished French physician and historian, have gathered evidence that a sheet's heart has been substituted for that of Napoleon. The supposed remains of the great man lie in a splendid sarcophagus under the dome of the Invalides in Paris, forming the most magnificent museum in the world.

But, according to these scientists, a common sheep's heart may be the central object of the remains that receive so much veneration. The explanation of this extraordinary occurrence is that the Emperor's heart was stolen and devoured by rats while it was being prepared for burial in accordance with historic custom, and that some of his entourage, ashamed

to allow this catastrophe to become known, had it stuffed with sheep's heart for that of the Emperor.

Dr. Carasso, on the other hand, who makes this assertion, "Napoleon was a student of strange but logical sciences—the French Revolution and Napoleon's period. He is the only ruler of the 19th century who was a student of the history of the human body." The young physician, however, who the theory of Napoleon's heart rests is the "Monsieur" of Dr. Charles Thomas Carasso, an English physician, who took part in the execution of the Emperor. In the "Monsieur's" diary dated May 6, 1821, the day after the Emperor's death, he writes:

"Dr. Antonia, assisted by Dr. Charles Thomas Carasso, proceeded to the autopsy of Napoleon. Some very curious facts were observed. When the chest was opened the heart of the Emperor had been eaten by rats. They had devoured a large portion of the heart, which they had killed immediately."

A little farther on Dr. Carasso states in his diary: "Thomas, a board in the wall, as I entered I caught a rat just devouring the right ventricle."

The observations of an English officer, Captain J. Edmund Alexander, who was on duty over Napoleon's body, also suggest that something unusual happened. Captain Alexander remarks that the Frenchmen of Napoleon's suite induced him to leave the room in which was the body in order to take some wine in the

next room. The English officer afterward the right ventricle of the heart was very aromatic to him. He said the room it was in had been so that they could not see the heart without seeing the rats.

The man who ought to be known of and credited with the report to Napoleon's death, Dr. Francis Anstey, who attended the Emperor's autopsy, has written a book on the subject. But if the above is true, it is a strange story, and it is a pity that the rats were not killed and their heads sent to the Emperor's heart.

Dr. Carasso, however, who is a student of the history of the human body, has written a book on the subject. He is the only ruler of the 19th century who was a student of the history of the human body.

The heart of Richard the Lion Heart is preserved in the Cathedral of Rouen, the capital of Normandy. A strange burial custom has hitherto been observed in connection with the kings of Portugal and the princes of the royal family. A tradition of the monarchy has been abolished, it is understood that the republic will allow the royal family to be buried in the same way.

The body of a dead Portuguese king is placed in full uniform in a great coffin, which rests upon a magnificent pedestal. The front of the coffin is covered with many flags and the face of the body of the dead man is fully exposed to view. All these funeral monuments of the kings and princes are placed in the crypt of the Pantheon at Lisbon, where they can be seen by any visitor. The faces of the dead kings have undergone strange transformations, many of them having long beards since death.

Revelations by the

Margaret Hill, the Famous "Vamp" with the Aristocrats of the Crime Millionaires Explains How a Trusting Millionaire Was Drugged, Stripped of Her Fortune and Ruined



Miss Sally Cowen, Who Inherited \$3,000,000 from Her Distinguished Father, Who Was President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Who Sank to the Depths of Degradation and Lost Her Property and Good Name Through the Use of Drugs.

By Mrs. Margaret Hill
CHAPTER IX.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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LAST Sunday I endeavored to impress upon my readers the utter ruin which inevitably overwhelms the persistent user of drugs. The women of the stage, of the movies and the criminal underworld are not the only slaves of dope. Sometimes the victim comes from the very top circles of wealth and social standing.

Perhaps the story of the wrecked life of the charming Sally Cowen will teach the lesson as well as any I can think of and make it plain that the curse of drug slavery ruins the high as well as the low and brings all victims to equal degradation.

I knew Sally Cowen intimately—not while she was a beautiful society belle in Baltimore and Washington, but after she had begun to sink to the depths of the underworld.

Pretty Sally Cowen was the daughter of a former president of the great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. She inherited something like three million dollars from her father's estate—but she died in poverty, and friends paid her board bill and funeral expenses.

Little Sally was brought up like a princess. President John K. Cowen surrounded his family with all that wealth could supply. Sally's mother was Helen Woods, one of the social leaders of Baltimore. President Cowen had a summer place near former President Cleveland's Summer home in Massachusetts, and she was a petted favorite of Mr. Cleveland and the distinguished Summer residents of the colony.

Sally was only thirty-three years old when she died in poverty in the little Hotel Maryland, in West Forty-ninth street, New York City, recently. She had had a romance and had married a man named Monson, of New Haven, son of a retired capitalist.

But their life together was unhappy; a divorce followed, Sally's father died and the young woman with her inherited fortune fell into the gay life of New York.

The eyes of the vultures of the underworld are always alert for such a figure as Sally Monson. She was watched and cultivated and petted and taught to use drugs. Once

the poisonous hands of the soundrels of the Underworld touched poor Sally her fate was certain.

Again and again, and by the old, threadbare tricks, the poor girl was fleeced of her money. She sank lower. At last it was all gone.

I shall never forget one day when I was out at my home in Indiana, visiting relatives, that I received a curious telegram from Sally Cowen, as follows:

"In trouble. Want to stop off in your town and go back to New York with you."

"SALLY."

The telegram was sent from some place in Colorado, and I was puzzled to know what had happened to the girl. Of course, I wired her to come along, and when her train arrived I took her to my hotel and she started to tell me this simple story:

"Margaret," she began, "maybe I've been robbed. And maybe I've not been robbed. Anyway, I don't know, except that I haven't got my money, and I can't find any of them nor Jack Ramsay—poor sick Jack Ramsay—to whom I paid the fifty thousand dollars."

"Margaret," she began, "maybe I've been robbed. And maybe I've not been robbed. Anyway, I don't know, except that I haven't got my money, and I can't find any of them nor Jack Ramsay—poor sick Jack Ramsay—to whom I paid the fifty thousand dollars."

"Why, Jack is a sick engineer"—began Sally. I shook my head and sighed. Those words "sick engineer" instantly revealed it all to me.

Sally looked at me.

"Go on, Sally," I urged wearily, "go on. Tell me. Not that I couldn't tell your story myself right off. But tell it yourself, Sally. It will ease your mind."

Sally started to tell the story. She was nervous and worried. She sat on about two inches of the edge of her

chair; she gesticulated with both arms frequently; she talked fast and furiously.

"Well," said she, "it all started in New York—at the Waldorf. I was staying there for a few days after I came up from Atlantic City. And I met such a pretty little woman—put me so much in mind of you, Margaret. She knew how to listen; and she was so interested in me. Of course, I told her about how my mother had died and how I was the heiress to all my father left."

"Oh, yes," said I, "of course you told her."

"She said she knew my father, the railroad president. I shall never forget her words:

"Don't tell me you are the daughter of old President Cowen. Well, I declare, my mother knew your father well. They went to school together."

Sally caught for her breath. "So, you can see, there was a bond between us right off."

"Well, a little later she introduced me to Sir Oscar Gray—oh, she knew very fine people, I can tell you. Well, we dined and rode a lot together, and, of course, when we were with Sir Oscar we spoke a great deal of investments, for they thought, naturally, that I would be interested in investments."

"Now, you know, Sir Oscar was an Englishman. Oh, yes, Margaret, dear—I nearly saved him from being 'taken.' Yes, I did, at one of those crook schemes. Remember, I told me all about that wire-tapping trick. Well, poor Sir Oscar, being a foreigner, though only English, thought he would put me and Miss Tracy—that

was my friend's name—in the way of a little quick money. He told me about a friend of his who had a friend, manager of Western Union. But, bless your heart, I just laughed out loud at that."

"Why, said I, 'it's ridiculous. It's a graft. That's just wire-tapping. You'll never make a cent at that. Sir Oscar—except a few dollars first, as a convincer. You'll lose, instead. I know, for I have a woman friend who has told me all about it.'"

"Well, of course, he thanked me—he is an old Englishman, you know, with a head. And, of course, Miss Tracy thanked me for telling her, too. 'If you hadn't told me,' said she, 'I might have squandered all of my quarter's income on this miserable swindle.'"

"I too," said Sir Tracy—he's a fine old gentleman—'isn't it shocking! Isn't it utterly outrageous that such swindles are allowed in these free United States!'"

"Well, that was settled. It happened so queerly. Just three days after that Sir Oscar received a letter from a sick friend of his, out in Colorado. 'It's the chance of my life,' said he. 'This friend of mine is a—very ill—and he's got to sell out his gold mine. He's a mining

engineer, you know. He can't stand the work. But his mine has been assayed, and it turns out a ton of gold to the square foot!'"

"Yes," I said, "the same old 'sick-engineer' trick."

"Well," Sally continued, "Sir Oscar read me the entire letter. And it seemed such a good thing. The shafts were all up; the mine was all opened; but it couldn't go on because the poor engineer was so sick he couldn't lift his head from his camp pillow, out there in the West."

"I tell you what," said Miss Tracy to me, "I'm going to put some of that quarterly allowance of mine that you saved me from losing on that swindle in this gold mine."

"By this time, Margaret, I was thinking it might be a good thing for myself. You see, I thought wouldn't it be fine if my father's daughter should make some good investments, after all, and multiply the money he left me. I was sure that I could quadruple anything I put into that mine in a year. So I made up my mind it was the only sane thing for me to do. In fact, so did we all, Helen Tracy, Sir Oscar and I."

"It wasn't a week after that before we boarded the train for Colorado. We got off at Denver; took a branch train; rode for several hundred miles into the mountain country. Then we took mules and rode twenty by mule back. Margaret, twenty miles by muleback is twenty hundred by limousine! Oh, Margaret!"

Sally stood up and stretched herself, as though she still ached—as I guess she did—from the results of that mule ride.

The "Poor, Dear, Sick Engineer" and His Pitiful Story

"Well, toward evening of the same day we arrived in that desolate mining camp, and saw the poor, dear, sick engineer. He lay in a little lean-to on his bed. The blankets were gray and none too clean; he was deathly pale, and he coughed almost all the time."

"He was Jack Ramsay, of Canton, Massachusetts. As we went in he raised himself on his elbow. 'I'm sorry I can't get up,' said he in a hoarse whisper. 'I cough so much each day I get pretty weak by night.'"

"Margaret, I was so sorry for the poor young fellow! He pointed to the wall, where hung a diploma. 'Yes,' he said, 'there is my diploma from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Yes, I graduated there, in the school of engineering. But all I want now—all I want—is to go home to die. This mine looked pretty good to me when I came here two years ago. But now—cough—cough—but now all I ask is to be sent back home, to God's country, to pass away in a decent bed.'"

"Poor chap, he was so ill that night we arrived! We did what we could for him, and the next morning his foreman showed us over the place. He was a great tall Hoozier, with a slow drawl and such an honest face! I shall never forget him, as he stood silhouetted against the sky, with one hand on his hip, his legs spread far apart, talking to us, right out of his heart."

"Yes," said he, principally to me—you see, he knew that my father was the famous railroad president, and he did not know that I had lost so much of my money as I have—yes, lady, the old bonanza here, Black Besa, as we call this mine of ours, is my baby. I came out here with Ramsay, and together we fought the wilderness; we fought the cold and the elements; fought with the help to make them sick; fought with hunger and thirst and hardship. For two terrible years we fought. And then, after these years were up, we found the gold. This mine—it is our life, our love, our baby, our religion. We know that Old Besa, bless her, was the best gold mine in this here sovereign State of Colorado. But then—for my poor young friend Ramsay—it was too late. The hard life had laid him low! And we were without funds. So we tried to interest Eastern capital."

"Rot," they say to us, 'or else sell outright! They wanted the mine, but they knew our tight place, and they didn't want to give us what Old Besa was worth—Old Besa, God bless her, that we had toiled over till she seemed like our heart's blood. Then we heard of Sir Oscar. We made him a proposition. He came out. Lady—ladies and gentlemen—if you buy our mine—or if you put money in it—use us fair! Don't take advantage of the distress of that dying boy in there! Make some money for yourselves—yes; but don't gobble us up!'"

Sally paused, the tears in her eyes. "He was so sincere," said she, "such a sweet-souled, honest man. The tears gleamed in his eyes as he finished his plea."

"Oh, yes, of course," said I. And I knew so soon as Sally had delivered to me that oration which the rough mining foreman had delivered to her, who was one of the crooks in this deal. "Hoozier," said he with an honest face—"sincere manner"—"drawing tones"—"I knew just one man would fit this description, and he was the 'prince of grafters,' Roy McMullin, known to the police as the 'Indiana Wonder.'"

"Oh, yes," said I to Sally, "honest working man, wasn't he?"

An Earlier Photograph of Sally Cowen, When She Was Just Beginning to Take Drugs.

Queen of the Underworld

Who Worked in Partnership in World Trapping



"He was," said Sally, "honest working man."
"Well," she went on, "while this great, simple, rough nature of the outdoor spaces talked, inside, in that faithful shack, coughed and coughed and coughed the sick mining engineer. It wrung my heart. When overseas was through I was the first to speak."
"I don't know what my friends will do," said I "but put fifty thousand dollars into this mine at once. It is enough to make us all millionaires twice over. I have been convinced by all the reports and the gold you've won me."

"Margaret dear, you can't imagine what joy my words brought to that honest man. He actually kissed my hand, he gave me the courage into my poor heart again," said I.
"You seem too good to be true."
"Well, Margaret, the cascade of us made our way back to Denver by mule and slow mountain train. When it took me a few days to get the fifty thousand from lawyers, as you may imagine. They wanted some explanation; they hinted—it was very impudent in them, Margaret—that I was spending my money foolishly. You see, they never approved of a building that huge castle built in California, and then not living there after it was ready. However, at last I got that fifty thousand, and I told them what I was going to do with it. After I guess it was my own money. So I paid it over to the sick mining engineer, and he gave me a receipt. I took it in my bag somewhere."
"That night we all went to bed very happy. Sir Oscar and Miss Tracy had likewise invested and paid the engineer, though they had got their money more dilly than I had. Well, next day, toward noon, I started up out of bed, alarmed. I was so angry with myself, they never approved of a building that huge castle built in California, and then not living there after it was ready. However, at last I got that fifty thousand, and I told them what I was going to do with it. After I guess it was my own money. So I paid it over to the sick mining engineer, and he gave me a receipt. I took it in my bag somewhere."

"You see, we had all promised ourselves the night before to get up early and ride out to the mine again, to visit the workmen, whom the overseas had spent day before living in Denver. So, groping out of bed, I tried to get Miss Tracy on the phone. She did not answer. I next tried for Sir Oscar. He did not answer either. I called up the hotel desk. They replied in words that amazed me."
"Your party left last night," they said, "all but you."
"I was dumfounded. I was stunned. Then my telephone rang. It was the honest, homespun old overseas, the sincere drawl. He asked if he could come over to my sitting room. I went in.
"Where are they?" I asked. "I thought we were all going out to the mine."
"They left me here to tell you," said he. "Poor Ramon had a bad turn just after we separated, and they have him in a little sanitarium up among the hills. They say he will live to get home."

In the Millionaires and Out She Was Swindled

I was really rather surprised they hadn't told me. Also surprised at his illness. For all the time we were waiting for my fifty thousand the poor young man had been quite well, for him. In fact, once or twice I had more than half suspected he was drinking a too much. In fact, I smelted it on his breath very good. However, they were gone."

"Well, what am I to do?" I asked.
"You, lady," said he, "you're to stay right here and wait till they come back from that sanitarium. It won't be more than a day. And in the meantime I'll just go to the mine again. The sooner we start things up the better. We want to make our fortunes quick." He seemed so honest and industrious, that foreman, I sent. And, Margaret, would you ever believe it—I did and I waited and I waited! Then I got a telegram. It was in New York, at the Waldorf, the telegram read: "Margaret, my lawyers were away on a yachting party and my allowance was held up—I have been so fortunate in so many investments I have made these few years, and so—I couldn't meet them in New York. I don't even have that much more after I paid my bills. I thought of you, and I made up my mind to come here and talk things over. Particularly as I could find that mine by myself, and that overseas never saw a word to me, though I waited in the hotel for one month. Poor man, I hope he didn't get caught in a scheme, or anything."
She sat there still, rubbing her hands down, and fidgeting back and forth. She was a

AN ARTFUL MATCH BOX.

The Matches Are Shortened and Attached to a False Bottom, Under Which a Considerable Amount of Morphine or Heroin Can Be Secured. This Would Deceive Almost Any Police Officer Who Searched the Peddler.

perfect child to the day of her death; never fit in all her life to be without a guardian.

"What do you think?" she next asked. "Where do you suppose Sir Oscar and Miss Tracy have gone to?"

It is hard to believe that such innocence is possible. I bent forward

"Sally," said I, "I think—of course, I know—you've been swindled."

Sally winced.

"Then you don't think the poor young engineer was sick at all?"

"Not of anything that your fifty thousand dollars won't cure him," I told her.

"But then again, perplexed. Then she allowed: "Sometimes—I have almost thought that I have been swindled myself. But then, Margaret, I saw his diploma—all framed—from Massachusetts Institute of Technology—on the wall."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said, "all framed and on the wall."

"But then Sir Oscar and Miss Tracy—then they were swindled, too, I suppose."

"It's my opinion that they were the trimmers instead," I suggested.

Sally was silent for a minute. "I'm not absolutely, positively sure yet," said she. "Still, I'm pretty sure. After all, it might have happened that they had to leave in a hurry. And, you know, I did not have enough money to keep on to New York, to the Waldorf. Well, oh, dear—I hate to think it—but probably you're right, Margaret. I guess—it was not for Sir Oscar—he's such a polished old aristocrat, you see—if it were not for him, why, now, even without any more proof, I'd be very sure indeed that those rascals had really—just imposed on me."

Later, when we arrived in New York and Sally found that her two friends had never been at the Waldorf at all, she was considerably more assured that, somehow, the little mining deal out West was not exactly legal. Particularly, as the mine she "bought" on investigation turned out to be an abandoned affair that had never yielded an ounce of gold, and never would.

As the enslavement of drugs took stronger and stronger hold upon Sally Cowen, she became easier and still more easy to be victimized by the heartless criminals who hung about her like vultures.

One crook arrived at her hotel and succeeded in gaining her confidence, masquerading as "the rich banker Morrison, from Chicago." On this occasion, in spite of her "sick engineer" experience, Sally was swindled out of some \$15,000 on a Mexican gold mine.

Like all drug addicts, she was also victimized by her own unbalanced delusions. At one time she decided to leave New York, and as she still had a considerable part of her handsome fortune, she built a delightful chateau in California. She had the plans of the house drawn up after the style of an old chateau in Normandy. She husied herself collecting imported old French tapestries and some splendid glass windows and some church lamps to light the entrance hall and staircase. But scarcely had the chateau been completed and the collected furnishings moved in and arranged when one night the over-drugged brain of Sally was tortured with a distressing nightmare, in which she saw Death, in the shape of a ghoulish old woman, standing before her bed shaking its finger in the face of the girl.

She got up the next morning with the belief that in some way death had given her an advance tip that it would overtake her if she continued to live in that charming new home.

Without a word Sally put on her clothes, turned the key in the door and left. She never returned to that house again. She did not even take the trouble to dismiss



"So the crooks persuaded Sally Cowen to drive for miles through the mountains to the tumble-down shack where lay the 'sick mining engineer.' The crook who played the part of the 'sick engineer' explained in his almost dying breath, between convulsive coughs, that he would sell the secret of his rich gold discovery to Sally Cowen rather than have it wrested from him by the cold-hearted capitalists who were awaiting his death."

her servants. They stayed on for a time and finally departed with some of her choice belongings. Many other things were stolen from the establishment, for she never took the trouble to appoint a caretaker for the place.

Nor did the woman ever pay a cent of taxes; neither did she concern herself to send for her clothes and furs which hung in her closets, nor her lingerie in the bureau drawers. She just left that place there to rot, until, after the taxes had accumulated several years, it was sold for the tax arrears. This was one of the many manifestations of the topsy-turvy condition of her drug-riddled brain. Sally in her earlier days would never have done such a thing.

I remember also one day we were crossing Fifth avenue when a pearl necklace Sally was wearing broke. The previous little pearls rolled all over the street, and Sally, seeing my arm, passed on, saying:

"It was only worth a few hundred dollars. They are not really first class pearls. Please don't bother picking them up—what's the use?" So we left them.
The drugs had put the unfortunate woman into another world of existence, where responsibility was unknown. From mental irresponsibility as to her business affairs she sank to moral irresponsibility and finally to a lack of personal cleanliness and decency in her clothes and personal habits.

At last she dropped to the level of association with an ordinary New York thug—a gangster, a gunman. Sally told me about standing one night in a dark alley while her companion was robbing a loft. She waited to give her confederate a signal in case of anything unpleasant.

"But he did not need a signal," she said with a chuckle. "He always gets away with whatever he decides upon."

I stood and gazed, transfixed, at the poor creature, with her disheveled, wretched degradation, and contrasted in my mind the splendid figure of that young heiress when I first met her before the conquest of the dope had wrought its havoc.

In a tone of disgust I said finally:

"Sally, Sally Cowen! How can you have so little self-respect as to be mixed up with such a low-down, contemptible criminal as this gunman and left robber?"

The poor creature shrugged her shoulders and, fixing her eyes on her well-worn shoes, replied with resignation: "Well, he can always get the dope for me. And now that my money is all gone he won't give it to me for nothing. So I have to live with him and help him along when he needs my help."

Later on she sent word to me of her hungry, pitiable condition, and begged me to come to her and take her away from a miserable Chinese den in Mott street, where she was. I called a taxicab, went to the address she gave and found the poor creature disheveled and filthy in a bunk. I brought her home with me, cleaned her up and outfitted her with new clothes from head to foot, burning the wretched garments I had stripped from her.

Among other things I had a little sealskin coat made for her trimmed with ermine, and I bought her a rather smart bonnet. Then I tried to get Sally to apply for \$10,000 that was rightfully hers from the late J. P. Morgan.

Sally's father had belonged to a club called "The Ten of Us." Mr. Morgan had founded it, and, I believe, was president. Nine other men, among them presidents of railroads, as Sally's father had been, were also members. When Mr. Morgan died he left each member \$10,000 to buy some souvenir to remember him by.

Sally's father had died before the money was distributed, and I endeavored to get Sally to apply for it for herself. Heaven knows she needed it! She promised, but the weakened will which resulted from her continual

drugging never brought her to the point of making an effort to get the money.

"Oh, why so much fuss about a measly \$10,000," she would say and wave the suggestion aside.

One day Sally left my apartment and went out. When she came back she was the most besotted, bedraggled thing I ever saw in her person and her clothes. The seal-skin coat trimmed with the ermine collar was gone, also the dainty little shoes, the French hat, the gloves and the smart gown I had bought for her.

"Where are all the clothes I bought you?" I inquired with some indignation.

Sally looked at me with a crazy sort of smile and told me the truth for once.

"Unless I sold them to a friend of mine over on Avenue A for a little extra 'stuff' (as the addicts call their drug), I really do not know what could have become of my outfit."

I shall never forget the last time I saw poor Sally Cowen. I was sitting in my home one afternoon when a scoundrelly little drug peddler rang the bell just at 7. Stomping in with a shuffling gait, he said in a low but earnest voice:

"Oh, for God's sake, Mrs. Hill, go to Sally. She is in the Tombs Prison. She was put there because we had no bail. Sally was pinched last night—pinched as a drug user, and is being held on suspicion of being a drug peddler."

I called my car and drove to the Tombs at once.

"It's been ten hours now since Sally had her last shot of dope," remarked the miserable wretch who sat beside me in the car. "They say you die if the stuff is kept from you twelve hours. Oh, Mrs. Hill, can't you manage it so that Sally gets a dose of dope right away?"

"I am not a fool," I said with contempt. "Don't bother me about what I am taking to Sally," for I, of course, knew the importance of bringing with me the one thing which would temporarily cheer and enliven the unfortunate in that Tombs cell.

We arrived after hours, but they let me in. I sent in a little dose of heroin by Sally's friend and a few comforts for Sally. They led me to the little corridor upon which her cell faced. I stopped there; I could go no further. For on that prison air, wildly agonizing enough to break one's heart, pierced the cries of Sally Cowen for the drug. My heart ached for the poor girl there in that vile old smelling prison cell—a girl who had been the darling of a rich and devoted father, the petted and adored one of her loving old mother—degraded to the level of a rat of the underworld.

I saw her peep out her hands through the door of the cell, and the creature who had come with me whispered through the bars:

"Mrs. Hill sent those to you. She is waiting just beyond in the corridor."

"Oh, why don't Margaret come to me?" Sally moaned.

"Why don't she come all the way?"

I turned away. It wrung my heart. "Will something like this happen to me?" I asked myself, and I determined to shake off the curse of drugs before I, too, was overwhelmed like Sally Cowen.

Next day I called up some friends, who arranged to get Sally out of the Tombs on bail and provided her with a lawyer. That was the last time I ever saw Sally. I sent word to her that she would be welcome at my home, but the poor creature had formed a crazy infatuation for the wretch who got her into her last predicament. I never saw her again. But it was not many weeks after that my morning paper told of the death of Sally Cowen, alone, disheveled, disreputable, without friends or self-respect. The drugs had done their deadly work.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Example of Wedding Chapters

CHAPTER VI. (Continued)

parently devoted himself to Mrs. Dorice. So that Terry's news came upon Lee with a shock that literally took her breath away.

"And before she fully realized what she was doing she reached out and touched the electric switch, flooding the room with light.

"And then, with a smothered cry, she dropped her arm. The man at the window had turned sharply. In the dazzling glow from the electric bulbs their eyes met, and Lee gave a sudden choked gasp."

a good deal to be spared the deal of interviewing Teresa at a particular moment. She sigh a little and came a slow step into the room.

"You sent for me!" she

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

"And before she fully realized what she was doing she reached out and touched the electric switch, flooding the room with light.

"And then, with a smothered cry, she dropped her arm. The man at the window had turned sharply. In the dazzling glow from the electric bulbs their eyes met, and Lee gave a sudden choked gasp."

more than usually extravagant kind to make herself more than ever attractive. No wonder she had been the best loved.

Characteristically she thrust the blame upon Lee, instead of accepting it herself, even while she found it impossible to catch herself in the act. "You must have had been any wise regarding the old man's intentions than herself.

After a moment, with an effort she forced herself to speak more quietly.

"Of course," she declared, "he is awfully old, and very old men never know their own minds more than a little. You must have tried to make up your mind without much dailying. Lee. He may want to back out later on. Not"—with another sharp laugh—"with another sharp laugh—"one quite so sensible is altogether enviable, when one comes to think about it! I can imagine that Mr. Jason Smithers has thought of you on several occasions. He's pretty peppy, at the best of times"—

Lee interrupted deliberately.

"Aren't you taking a great deal for granted? You must not be aware of having said or done anything to give you the impression that I have any intention of 'it' accepting this preposterous offer!"

"But you are going to?"

Teresa's voice was sharp. She sat up—right among the cushions, and she looked at Lee with a gleam of her eyes. Lee looked at her in vague surprise, and reading the glance Teresa flushed a little more deeply.

"Of course you are!" she repeated. "You'll be crazy if you don't!"

She made a restless movement and then she said, "I should like to see your hands."

"It's unthinkable. Mr. Smithers is almost old enough to be my grandfather!"

"Teresa," Lee scolded. "I tell you it's a chance in a million! Besides"—she hesitated for a moment, and her eyes narrowed—"things can't go on here as they are. You must marry me, or have any longer. Lee. I hinted as much before you went to Surry; I told you you'd have to marry. I'll speak more plainly this time. You must marry or I'll go somewhere else to go. I simply can't accept to keep you or dress you—out here in this—"

She stopped, and then she said, "In my way now, as you yourself said, you'll very soon be in Terry's. There's no room for the three of us under the same roof, Lee. It's hardly possible to have a girl a trifle nervously; then, before Lee could speak, she added:

"Besides, you know, you said that the very first proposal you made to me was to marry whatever the man, you'd accept."

Lee started. Her eyes had darkened. She was no longer flushed, and she was no longer smiling. She breathed close together, and her breath was not quite even. She was conscious of a suffocating sense of bitter resentment—and of a momentary impulse to take pride in her cried aloud to her to take Teresa's unexpected blunt ultimatum in the same spirit in which she had been flung at her.

Existence under Mrs. Dorcie's regime had been difficult since the moment of Tom Dorcie's death. Lee knew that after tonight it would be unbearable. She was forced dependence upon her step-mother stood almost until now; but she could endure it no longer. There had come to a climax; the breach between the two was now unbridgeable. Mrs. Dorcie had said in the heat of the moment and the bitterness of her angry disappointment that which she had only said at before—now it was her concluding sentence that sealed her mind now, and would not be denied.

Her thoughts leaped back to that other time, when she was old and to the defiant promise which had been wrung from her by the gaze of Teresa's compelling, And a vivid flash flamed up to her tempestuous face, leaving her pale than before.

Her own words seemed to flash before her:

"I'll marry the first man who asks me to marry—in, wherever he is, or whatever he is, I'll accept."

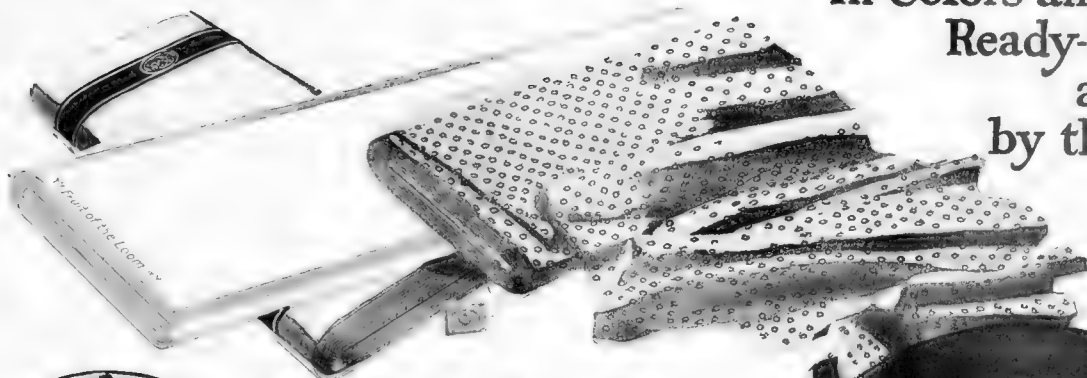
She stood, very still, staring back into Teresa's eyes. For perhaps the first time in her life she recalled the real meaning of Jason Smithers's offer, and involuntarily she raised her hand to her forehead. A word she turned, and, wrench—

(Continued on Page 15.)

(Continued on Page 14.)

Fruit of the Loom

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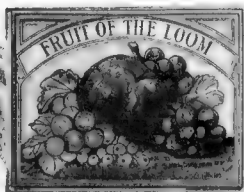
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Time.....



(Continued from Page 1)

open the door, went swiftly out of the room.

BUT when more than an hour later, she stood face to face with Jason Smathers, Lee was perfectly composed. Whatever agitation she might have felt she successfully concealed. She gave the old man a cool hand and he held it for a moment, looking at her in his odd way from a faded, smoked glass.

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"I have seen that you are not happy, Lee. Had you been, I might not have spoken, at all, of my feeling for you. As it is, it seems to me that it is just possible you may bring yourself to consent. As my

And since that interview with
ason Smithers, upon which he had
made clear to her his attitude
oward her and just how much he
expected at her hands, her regard
or him had deepened.

He never thrust himself upon her,

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When, presently, she descended the shallow oak stairs she found a man awaiting her. He bowed, and

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City and State.....

Arthur Brisbane says:

"All money making that is constructive should be encouraged by every means. But money and its power should be controlled by the people for their own protection. Money, as such, should have absolutely no place in our government."

Arthur Brisbane

THE INSIDE STORY OF HENRY FORD'S JEW-MANIA

Power belonged first to the man with the heaviest club. Then to the knight with the thickest armor.

Today power belongs to the man with the most millions!

From the same city, Detroit, have come the two latest and worst examples of that power gone wrong—the Newberry attack on the Ballot and the Ford attack on the Jews.

Henry Ford's millions can do the Jews no great harm. The race that produced Rothschild, Spinoza, and Disraeli under old world persecution will hardly notice Ford's nagging.

But—any campaign of Intolerance against any race or religion does great harm to the United States—and to every citizen in it!

Norman Hapgood has struck a real blow for American liberty in exposing the facts behind this campaign.

Read how Ford built up his organization to fight the Jews—how his American editors resigned—how he hired an ex-Russian spy and an army of lawyers and detectives.



Can a Bad Woman Make a Good Wife?

Tear this out and keep to check with

HOW YOU CAN SAVE \$13.80

Go to your nearest newsstand or drug store. (2) Buy a copy of Hearst's International for June. (3) Look on the pages listed below for the Money Saving coupon. The two smallest items alone will repay the price of your magazine, and all after that is clear profit.

PAGE	COUPON VALUE
4	SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO. \$10.00
107	LA BOHEME FACE POWDER AND PERFUME .50
114	CHLOE-DIXO TOOTH PASTE .50
117	DOMINO HOUSE COMPLEXION CLAY 1.55
125	A. BOURJOIS & CO. PRODUCTS .50
126	KOTEX .10
131	BONCILLA PACKAGE-O-BEAUTY .25
135	HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL .40

Total Saving on Eight Coupons . . . **\$13.80**



ANOTHER thing you get in this number is a new installment of the greatest advertisement ever run in any magazine—the cooperative advertisement of 25,000 of the leading drug stores in America run as a SERIAL—a continued story from month to month. Advertisers and business men are watching this carefully. This month it contains also the photographs of ten charming Motion Picture and Dramatic Stars.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS asks you that question in "The Better Wife;" his newest and best story just starting in this June number. What is YOUR answer? His answer makes one of the greatest novels of 1922. Also just beginning is Sir Gilbert Parker's splendid new novel "Carnac's Folly."

For short stories, as well as novels, get Hearst's International. Stories with something to them, stories that take you on mad adventures, stories that solve knotty problems, stories that make the whole magazine fairly sparkle. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Owen Johnson, William MacHarg, Bruno Lessing, Robert W. Chambers—all in stories that make you Think!

Norman Hapgood's two pages of editorials bring Washington right to your reading chair. Maxim Gorky on "The Menace of Asia," W. L. George on Morals, and James H. Collins' warning against "Foreign Wallingsfords", give you a broad grasp on our greater world. Walt Mason and G. K. Chesterton amuse you with whimsical thoughts, as true as they are funny:

"THE PEOPLE of NEW IRELAND" comes straight from Frazier Hunt in Ireland. "Have We A New Ballinger Case?" gives the real facts about the Interior Department. "Have fun while you read, but know something when you get through," is the idea behind this magazine. Articles—stories—pictures by foremost illustrators, many in color, make a unique publication worth many times 35 cents. But read about the 8 Money-Saving Coupons—described in the box alongside—and make sure of your copy today.

GREAT JUNE ISSUE: New Size: NOW ON SALE

Hearst's International

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

119 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

Dye old Dress, Skirt, Sweater or Draperies In "Diamond Dyes"

Any Woman can Dye or Tint Faded Garments or Hangings a New, Rich Color for Few Cents

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" perfect home dyeing is sure, because contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, faded dress, skirt, waist, coat, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, etc. Buy "Diamond Dyes" in any color—blue, green, red, yellow, black, or white.

Corns Lift Right Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off, with fingers. Truly!

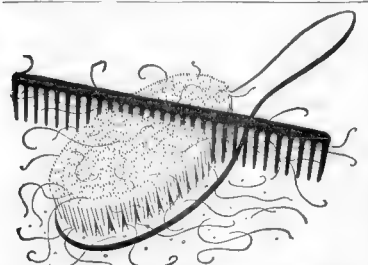
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation.



MOTHER! Watch Baby's Bowels! Give "California Fig Syrup"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Little Bowels and Sweeten Sour, Colic Stomach—Babies Love It

Hurry, Mother! A half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup will make your cross, fretful baby comfortable. It cleanses the little bowels of all the wind and gases, the colic, the souring food and stomach pain, which is causing baby's distress. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle laxative to keep baby's stomach and bowels clean, and thus correct diarrhoea, colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.



DANDRUFF—FALLING HAIR!

35-cent "Danderuff" will Save Any Man or Woman's Hair—Delightful Tonic—See Hair Thicken!

Don't lose another hair! Don't tolerate destructive dandruff. A little Danderuff now will save your hair; thicken and strengthen it; give it its beauty. Falling hair never stops by itself! Danderuff multiplies until it forms a creamy scale, destroying the hair roots, and all, resulting in baldness.

Your druggist will tell you that "Danderuff" is the largest selling hair saver in the world because it corrects and tones aching, itching hair every time. Use one bottle of Danderuff, then if you need a single fall of hair or a particle of dandruff, you can have your money back.

It Happened in Paris

"Fill it again!" she commanded, "and light me a cigarette. But I want you to keep me company. A votre santé!"



"MONSIEUR," said a sweet voice near Mortimer Kingston the very moment he was ready to get into his machine in front of the Hotel de Paris, and two beautiful dark eyes glanced straight into his face. "You dined at the table next to mine—you recognize me, too, I am sure." His answer did not follow right away, so she resumed in her English with a slight French accent, "you doubtless knew my English friends, Lady and Lord Ashborough and Lady and Lord Winston, didn't you?"

"Most assuredly, madam," was the quick answer of young Mortimer Kingston, of Philadelphia, U. S. A., who would be no more than a member of high British nobility. And seeing a chance of probably meeting those friends of this exceedingly charming young French lady, he hastily continued, "I shall be delighted if I can be of any service to you, or your friends, madam." A hardly acknowledgeable "then" was uttered somewhere near, but he paid no attention to it, and looked eagerly into those irresistible black eyes of his new acquaintance.

"I am sorry," she said, with a slight smile. "My friends went to the opera tonight, but I myself came to see you. I expected my chauffeur to call for me here about half an hour ago, but he failed to appear, and when I telephoned home I learned that he had been gone for some time, and as the porter is unable to get me a taxi—you know it is almost an impossibility to obtain any vehicle at this time of the night—I really don't know what to do."

"Madam," interrupted her young friend from Philadelphia, enthusiastically, "I am entirely at your service—entirely, and offered the door of the certain enclosed Sedan, signalling swiftly to some one not noticeable, when a small, white, sleek and bird-like back entered.

"You drive yourself, monsieur, don't you?"

"I certainly do, madam."

"Then, please, let me sit in front with you."

"Delighted!" he cried and helped the charming stranger into the car, rearranging the silky blanket care fully around her slender figure. "Where shall I drive you to, madam?"

"Oh," she cried out, "we should have turned here. Well, turn to the right, at the next corner. I will soon be home, anyhow."

"Don't make me take you home directly—please. Shall we drive through the 'Bois de Boulogne'?"

She laughed amused. "How funny that sounds in your English pronunciation! Repeat it, 'Bois de Boulogne.' Or are you angry with me now?" She laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him with a beseeching smile.

"How could I?" he whispered and kissed her small white hand. "We are to drive through the 'Bois de Boulogne.' Which way, please?"

"Very promising," she thought, "and his accent is so charmingly good. 'Bois de Boulogne.' I tell you, I shall never forget it."

"You speak English so wonderfully, madam. How do you learn it?"

"Mostly in England on my visits with my friends. They are char-

ing people, and have beautiful estates, both of them. Won't it be fine if we could meet each other here next Spring?"

"Most delightful! But—I don't even know your name yet."

"You shall know it in time. But tell me—where were you to go tonight when I asked you to drive me home?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I was to go to the 'Montmartre'—isn't it?"

"That is the world you know?"

"That is easy to guess. All Americans—'not a drop of French blood'—I wish I could go, too. I have never been at any of those places."

"You don't say! Why not?"

"Mon mari is very peculiar in his manner. He says it is no place for a French lady."

"Ah—so on! American ladies do what they please. Let me drive you out there—will you? Please—say yes."

"Impossible! Mon mari is jealous—oh—he would kill both of us. Drive me home at once!"

He looked into her face. "You don't mean it—your eyes contradict your words. Come on—be a good sport—just for a few hours."

"Look out!" she screamed, "you are running straight into that car!"

He quickly turned the wheel and quipped her. "Never mind—this machine will stand a pretty good bump. But," he laughed, "don't excite the driver! And reached for her hand. "You shall just take a look at it. We can get us a champagne apéritif and nobody will see you. All right?"

"Well," she gave in reluctantly, "on your responsibility."

"The dickens with responsibility!" he cried out happily. "But tell me your name now—won't you—please?"

She smiled sweetly. "Call me Renee, and I will call you Mortimer."

"Mortimer," he fell in quickly. She nodded and resumed, "only now of the"—and launched amused—"I forget, what sort of a Kingston?"

"Who told you so?"

"How can you ask?"

"Of course—your English friends."

"Exactly."

"Here we are," said Mortimer Kingston after a while, and stopped in front of the 'Palais National' while the charming Parisienne threw a heavy veil over her pretty face. He helped her out and drove a few feet aside to mark her car. "I have parked here," he said, "because it is the custom in America. It certainly would not surprise a French lady to see a Frenchman do so."

"You are a born aristocrat, Renee," he whispered into her ear, "partly covered by a fluffy mass of fiery colored hair. You would never succeed in concealing your noble birth in any clothes or surroundings. He delighted in the way she accustomed herself to the roughness of the mixed crowd that found drinking, dancing, chatting and laughing in all the rooms."

"Irene danced like a fairy, and Mortimer Kingston could not even imagine ever getting tired of this

By Mrs. Else Badelt-Adam

He rang for the waiter and paid the bill. Four times as much as it ought to have been, good naturedly. "While the parson was gone for the change, a sudden cry from Renee rushed him to her side, his pocketbook still in his hand."

"What is it sweetest—did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, it is nothing." She held up her finger. "I scratched my finger a little bit."

"Blood!" he cried, grasping her slender hand and kissing it over and over. The charming Parisienne did not stop him this time, and when the waiter glanced in he wasted no time, waiting quickly that he was forgotten for good."

When her friends stepped out of the vestibule Renee looked around swiftly, and not recognizing Mortimer Kingston's machine right away exclaimed, "the car!"

"It is at the very spot where I parked it, darling," fell in the young American. "Excuse me a moment. I will bring it right over here."

"Very well. But it is chilly, I would rather wait inside."

He rushed off but when he came back Renee had disappeared. "Where did the lady go to?" he cried out to the porter.

"I am sorry, monsieur—I am sure I don't know."

"Didn't she tell you? She certainly must have done so."

"No, monsieur—to be sure."

"Ah, right, then. I presume she will be right back. Maybe she left something."

"Mortimer," Mortimer Kingston felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and looking aside, faced his chauffeur, who had been hidden in the rear of the car, not to interfere with his master's ride with the charming French aristocrat, which might have been spoiled by the presence of a third person, one of his own class, but immediately through the war. "Avoid publicity," he said firmly. "Don't look for her—you will not find her anywhere."

"What do you mean by that, Gas-ton? I assure you you are utterly mistaken!"

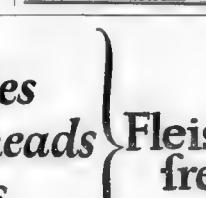
"Pardon me, monsieur—but she will be gone as soon as you will find her pocketbook and other valuables gone, too."

"My pocketbook! The dickens— you are right!"

And he paced off to the car so rapidly that the chauffeur could hardly keep up with him.



That subtle art of smart distinction, commonly termed "style," is the trademark of Lloyd Baby Carriages. A graceful bowl shape, with sweeping, flowing lines, they are woven out of continuous wicker strands, leaving no end to cut or scratch. It was Marshall B. Lloyd who perfected the method and loom which produces Lloyd Baby Carriages and Furniture thirty times faster and finer than the old hand woven products.



Write for Lloyd booklet showing the beautiful Lloyd Carriages and Looms. Write for Lloyd booklet showing the beautiful Lloyd Carriages and Looms. Write for Lloyd booklet showing the beautiful Lloyd Carriages and Looms. Write for Lloyd booklet showing the beautiful Lloyd Carriages and Looms.

Beauty Unsurpassed

The immediately visible beauty of white complexion, radiant, bright lips, the appearance of youth, results are instant. Fluffy skin, smooth, soft, and glowing action. Over 75 years in use.

Sent 15 c. for Trial Size

WILL T. PROPPERS & SON

Gossard's Oriental Cream

Break

If you find the Kraft name on it you can rest assured that it's great; the best cheese you can buy. It is full cream, rich and wholesome.

3 varieties: American, Swiss, and Cheddar, sold by the slice, potted, or loaf.

8 VARIETIES IN TINS

KRAFT

Loaf Cheese

Look For The Label

Style

These ventilated tuberclecoats, enabling us to weave the finest wools, use the best raw materials, and the latest refinements and still sell our superior wicker products at very moderate prices.

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Pimples Blackheads Boils

It is well known that pimples and blackheads (acne) and boils are often caused by errors of diet.

Fleischmann's Yeast is now being recommended for these embarrassing and painful skin troubles because fresh yeast corrects the errors of diet which cause them.

The surgeon of one important New York hospital states: "I have used yeast extensively and found it invaluable in curing boils." When 17 cases of pimples (acne) were treated with Fleischmann's fresh yeast daily before meals, in five weeks the eruption had cleared completely.

Today physicians and hospitals are using Fleischmann's fresh yeast as the most efficacious remedy for pimples and boils.



If you are ever troubled with pimples or boils, begin at once to correct them by eating 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh yeast every day before meals.

What is the matter with your hair?



Falling?



Dandruff?



Oily?



Dull?

All largely due to a single cause Make this free test—A way to correct it

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it luster and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible—or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the excess—cleanse the pores. Think what would happen to any skin if you failed for a time to do that.

But you must aim at Sebum—that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum—Sebum only—correctly and efficiently.

That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork, on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

Beauty—softness luster—health

The next thing is to treat your scalp as you would your cheeks. Apply a soap based on palm and olive oils. Do what millions do with Palmolive Soap to foster fine complexions.

Palmolive Shampoo does that. It is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin.

The purpose is to give to the hair lustre, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots. Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff.

The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

Think what your hair means to you. Let us show you how to beautify it, how to preserve or restore it. Send this coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles



New Booklet Free

Be sure and send for this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

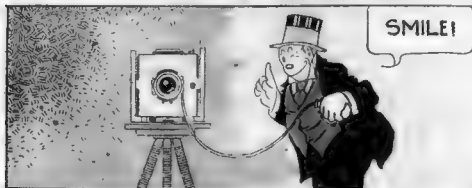


Trial Hair Treatment Free

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B-316, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
Please send me the trial hair treatment and free booklet, "How to Take Care of the Hair."

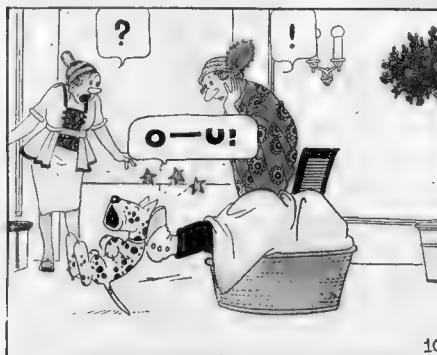
Name.....

Address.....



Full Page of Comics
Every day in
The Boston Daily Advertiser

Bringing Up Father



GEORGE MANN

I WAS GOING TO TOUCH SI FOR A LOAN BUT I GUESS I'LL WAIT TILL SOME OTHER TIME!

SI WILL YOUSE LEND ME TWO DOLLARS TILL THE FOIST OF NEXT MONTH? I NEED IT THE WOIST WAY!

NO!

COMIC SECTION

OF THE

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

May 28, 1922

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Great Britain Rights Reserved Registered U. S. Patent Office

Down on the Farm

HERE COMES JAKE JONES! IT MEANS A TOUCH! HE'S STRICTLY UNRELIABLE!

DON'T LEND HIM ANY MONEY, SI. YOU WON'T GET IT BACK!

I'LL SLIP MY POCKET BOOK UNDER THIS TABLE. THEN I CAN TRUTHFULLY TELL JAKE I AINT GOT A CENT IN MY CLOTHES!

SIT UP, JIP.

AND BARK!

BOW

LO, SI. FINE DAY. I WANT TO SEE YOU ON AN IMPORTANT MATTER!

TAKE A CHAIR, JAKE.

SI I WANT TO BORROW THIRTY DOLLARS TILL NEXT TUESDAY. I'M PUTTING THROUGH A BIG DEAL AND I'M A LITTLE SHORT!

JAKE I'M AWFUL SORRY BUT I AINT GOT A CENT IN MY CLOTHES!

I'LL PAY IT TUESDAY WITHOUT FAIL, SI!

JAKE IT'S JUST AS I'M TELLING YOU!

O-O-OH, THERE'S A POCKET BOOK UNDER THE TABLE!

LET'S LOOK AT IT!

MAYBE IT'S GOT MONEY IN IT!

CAN'T YOU RAISE IT SOMEHOW, SI?

NO CHANCE, JAKE.

TWENTY DOLLARS

IT SAYS SI SLOCUM ON THE POCKET BOOK!

WE MUST GIVE IT TO SI!

GEE, THAT'S LUCKY!

WE FOUND IT UNDER THE TABLE.

SI HERE'S YOUR POCKET BOOK.

IT'S GOT TWENTY DOLLARS IN IT!

I'LL BORROW THAT TWENTY, SI, AND MAYBE I CAN GET THE OTHER TEN SOMEWHERE ELSE.

WELL, HERE IT IS!

LO, SI, HERE'S THAT TEN DOLLARS I BORROWED FROM YOUSE LAST WEEK!

THAT WILL JUST MAKE THE THIRTY, SI!

THANKS, SI.

COME IN THE OTHER ROOM! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU A MINUTE!

BANG!

OUCH!

WHADDO YOU MEAN BY LETTING THAT DEAD BEAT SEE THAT DOUGH?

DON'T HOIT!

UNCLE HAPPY!

WHACK!

HELP!

SHUT UP! I'LL NEVER GET THAT MONEY BACK!

I DIDN'T DO IT ON POIPOSE.

FAT HEAD.

IT'S A FINANCIAL QUESTION YOUSE WOUDNT UNDERSTAND IT!

MAD! AT US.

FOR?

WHAT IS SI?

BOOK OF MAGIC—The Dollies' Swimming Pool



The Dollies wanted to swim. There was the nice big porcelain tub handy. So in they went. Paint picture with brush or cotton and plain water to bring out the magic coloring.

WARNING!—Do not cut or paint any of these pages until you have looked through the entire book. There may be something on the reverse side you will like better.

Copyright, 1922,
by Star Company

Special Children's Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser

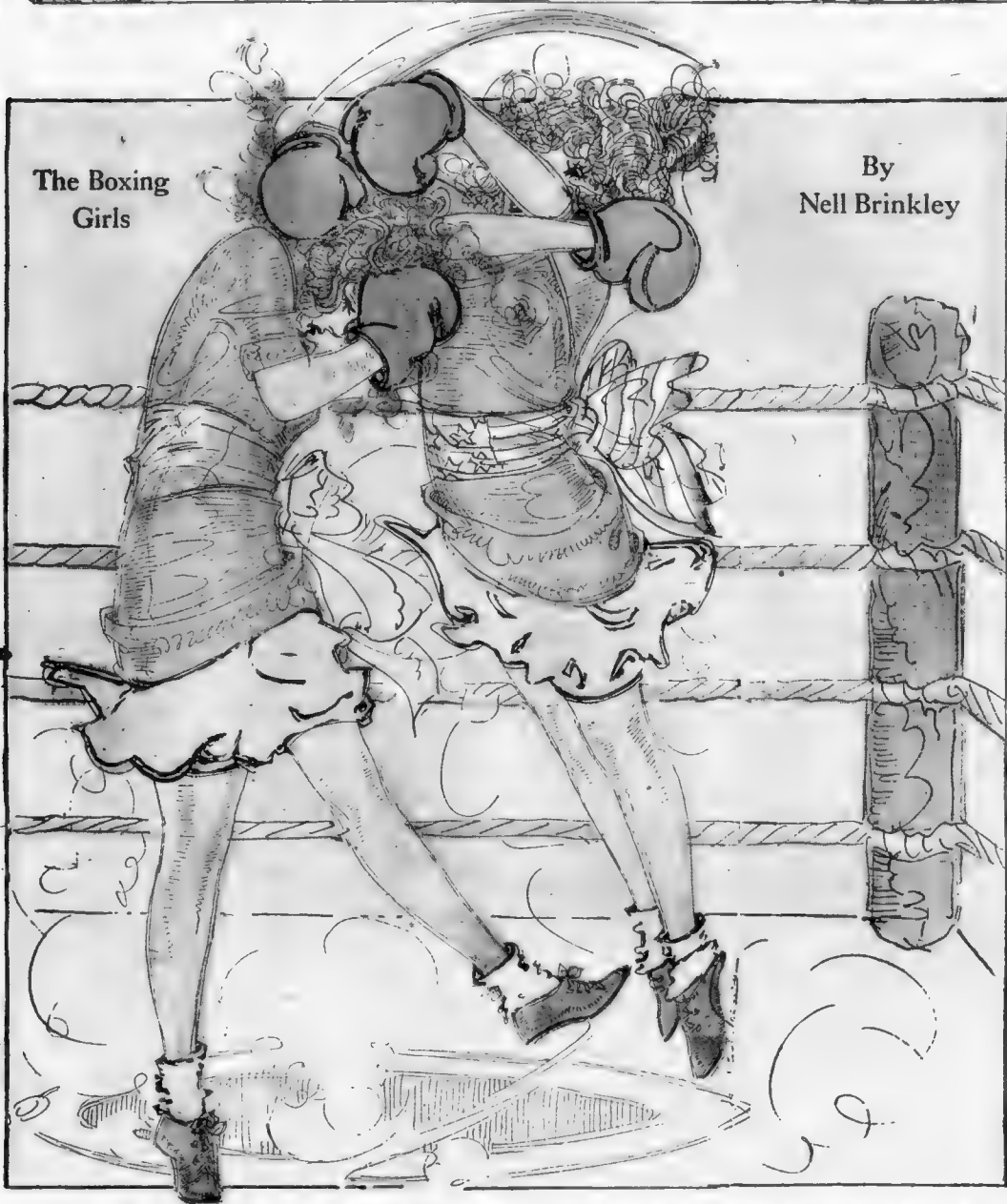
MAY 28
1922

The BOOK of MAGIC



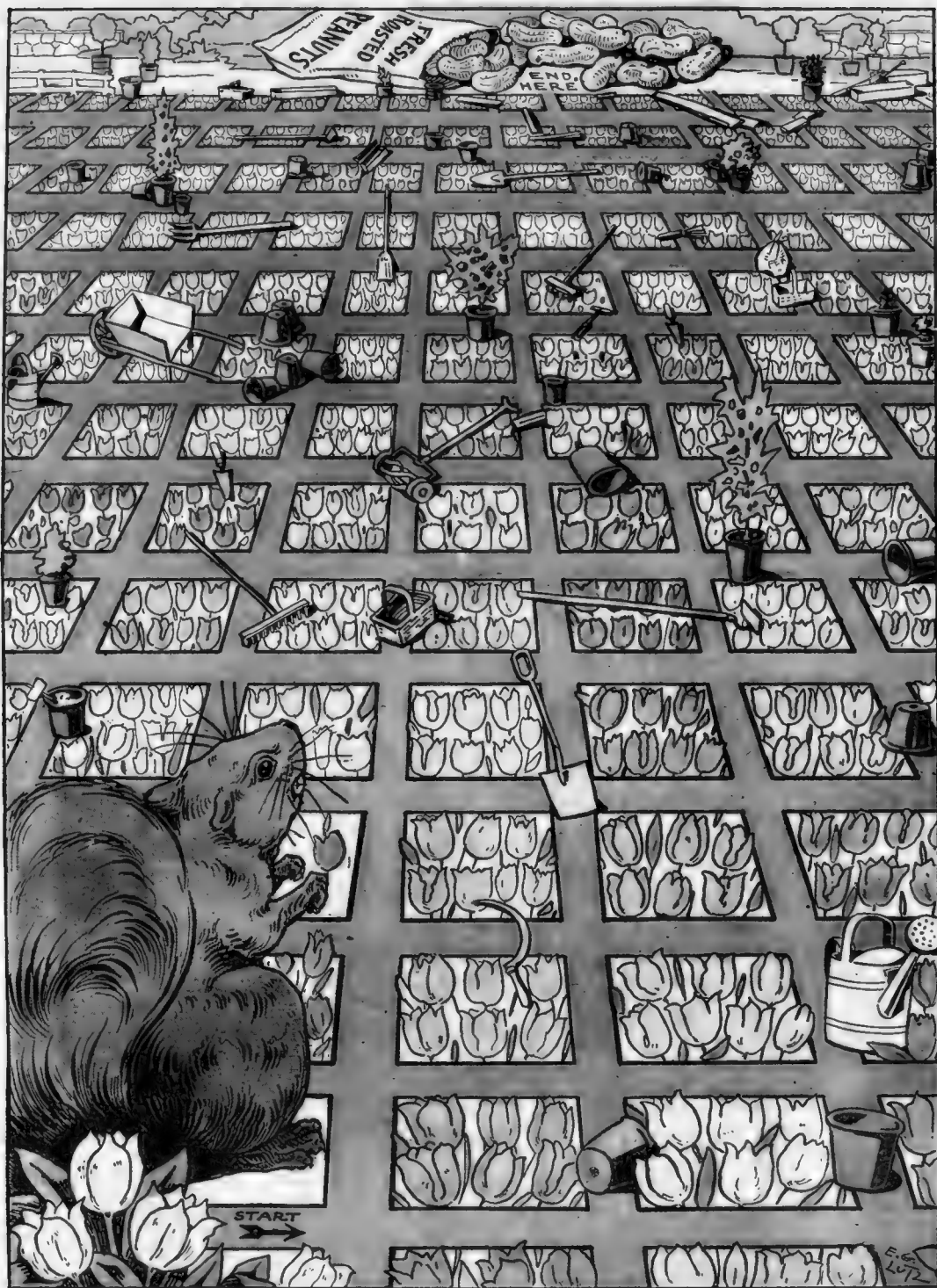
The Boxing
Girls

By
Nell Brinkley



To bring out the magic colors of Miss Brinkley's picture, take an ordinary paint brush or piece of cotton wrapped around the end of a toothpick, dip in plain water and paint. Be sure to wash out brush or cotton frequently.

BOOK OF MAGIC—The Squirrel and the Peanuts



Somebody had left a bag of peanuts at the other end of the garden. Bustling Buster, the squirrel, wanted them badly. But all the beds were full of tulips, and he didn't want to break them. And the gardener had left his tools around on the paths. Buster wanted to take a direct route to the peanuts without crossing the tulip beds or jumping over any of the tools. There is such a route. See if you can find it.

BOOK OF MAGIC—Dolls of All Places Cut Outs



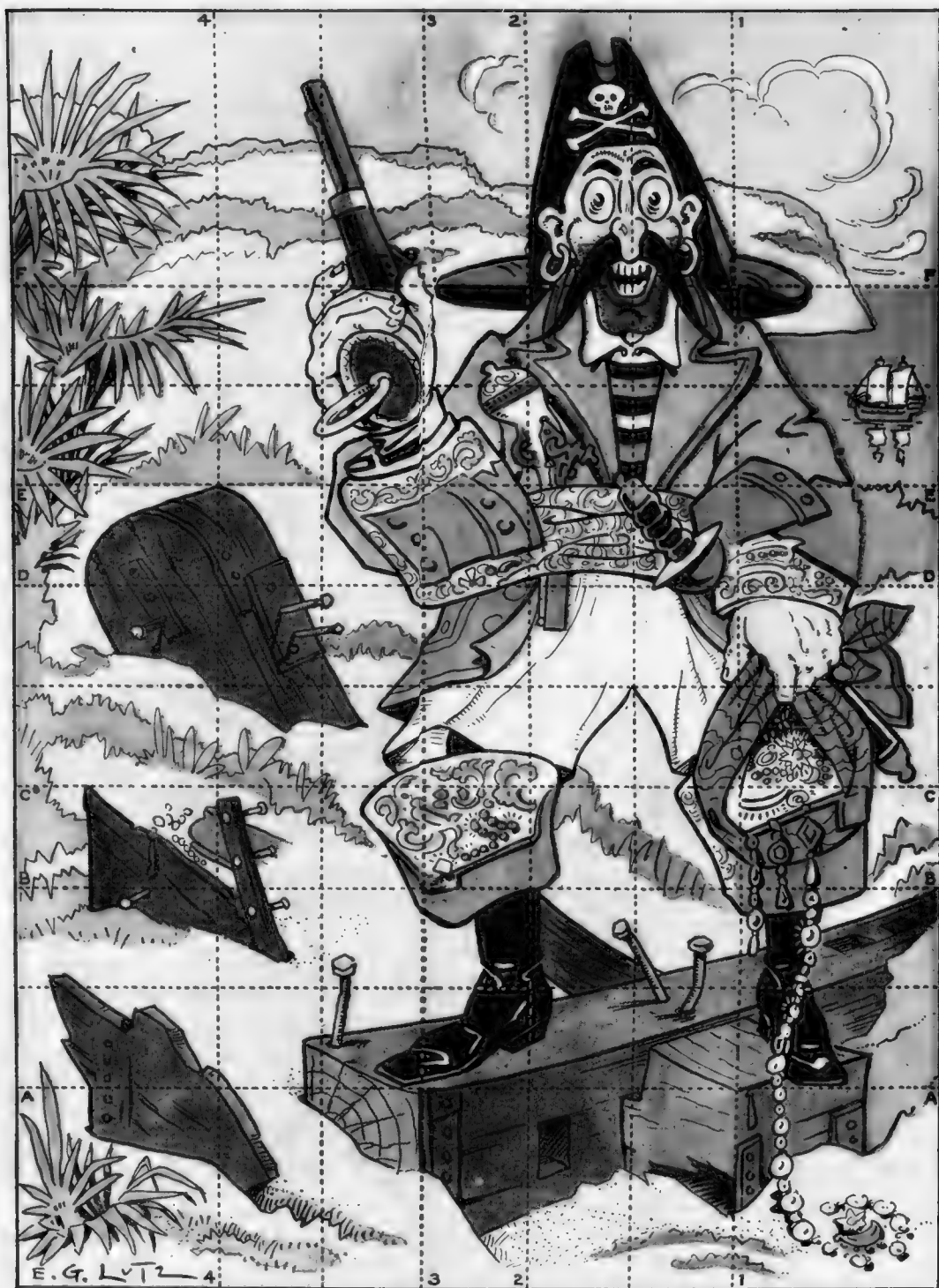
Little
Miss
Steeplechaser



Little
Miss
Zulu

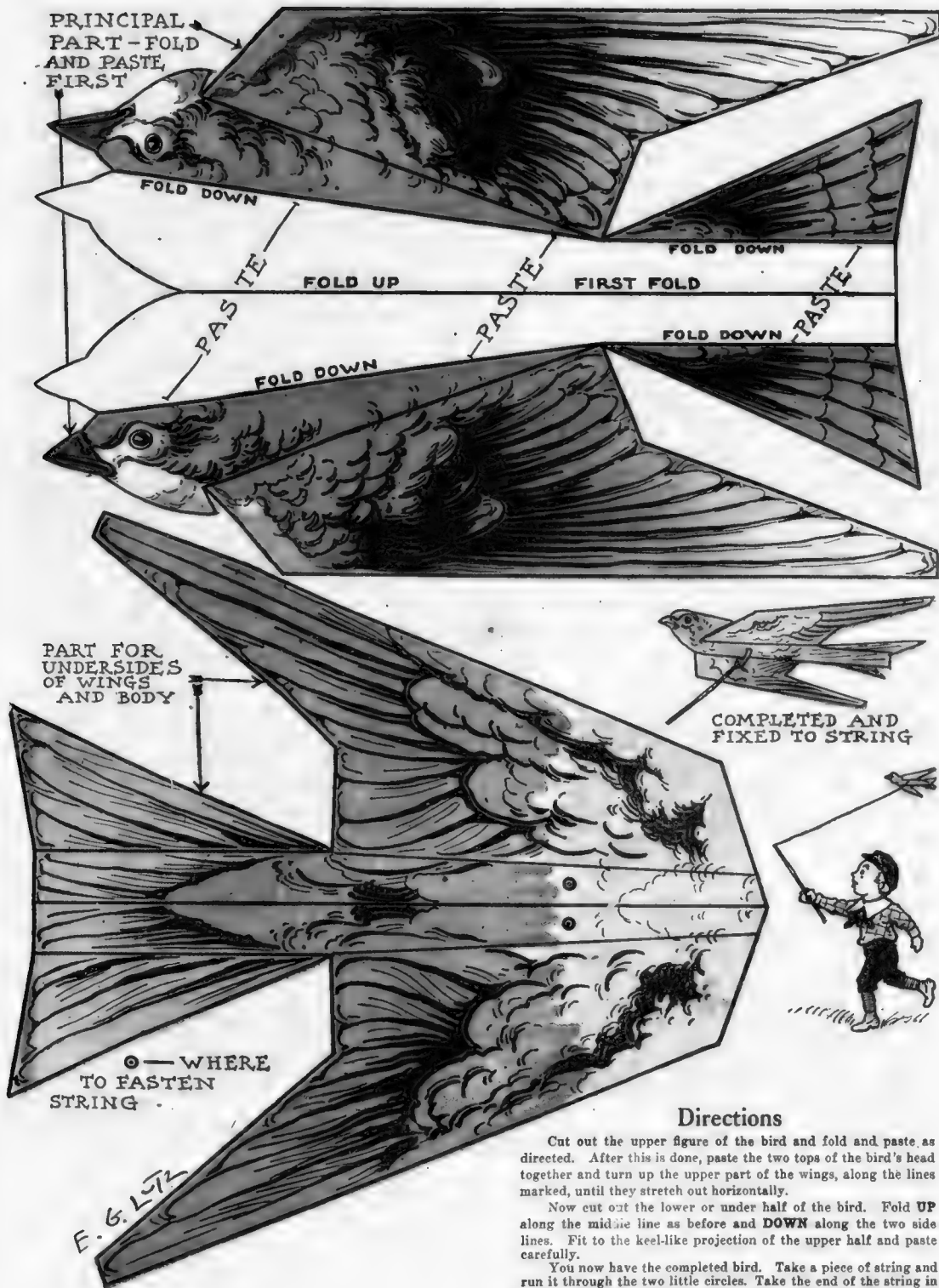
Cut out around outlines, bend and insert flap A into slit B. The dolls will then stand.

BOOK OF MAGIC—Captain Kidd's Treasure Chest



To find Captain Kidd's treasure chest and get rid of the pirate chief at the same time, fold dotted line A to touch dotted line B, then C to touch D and E to touch F. After this is done, fold dotted line 1 to touch dotted line 2; then dotted line 3 to touch dotted line 4. You will then have the treasure and the threatening pirate will have disappeared.

BOOK OF MAGIC—The Flying Blue Bird



Directions

Cut out the upper figure of the bird and fold and paste, as directed. After this is done, paste the two tops of the bird's head together and turn up the upper part of the wings, along the lines marked, until they stretch out horizontally.

Now cut out the lower or under half of the bird. Fold **UP** along the middle line as before and **DOWN** along the two side lines. Fit to the keel-like projection of the upper half and paste carefully.

You now have the completed bird. Take a piece of string and run it through the two little circles. Take the end of the string in your hand or attach it to a stick and run. The bird will then fly above your head.

BOOK OF MAGIC—The Wicked Robber, Mr. Crow

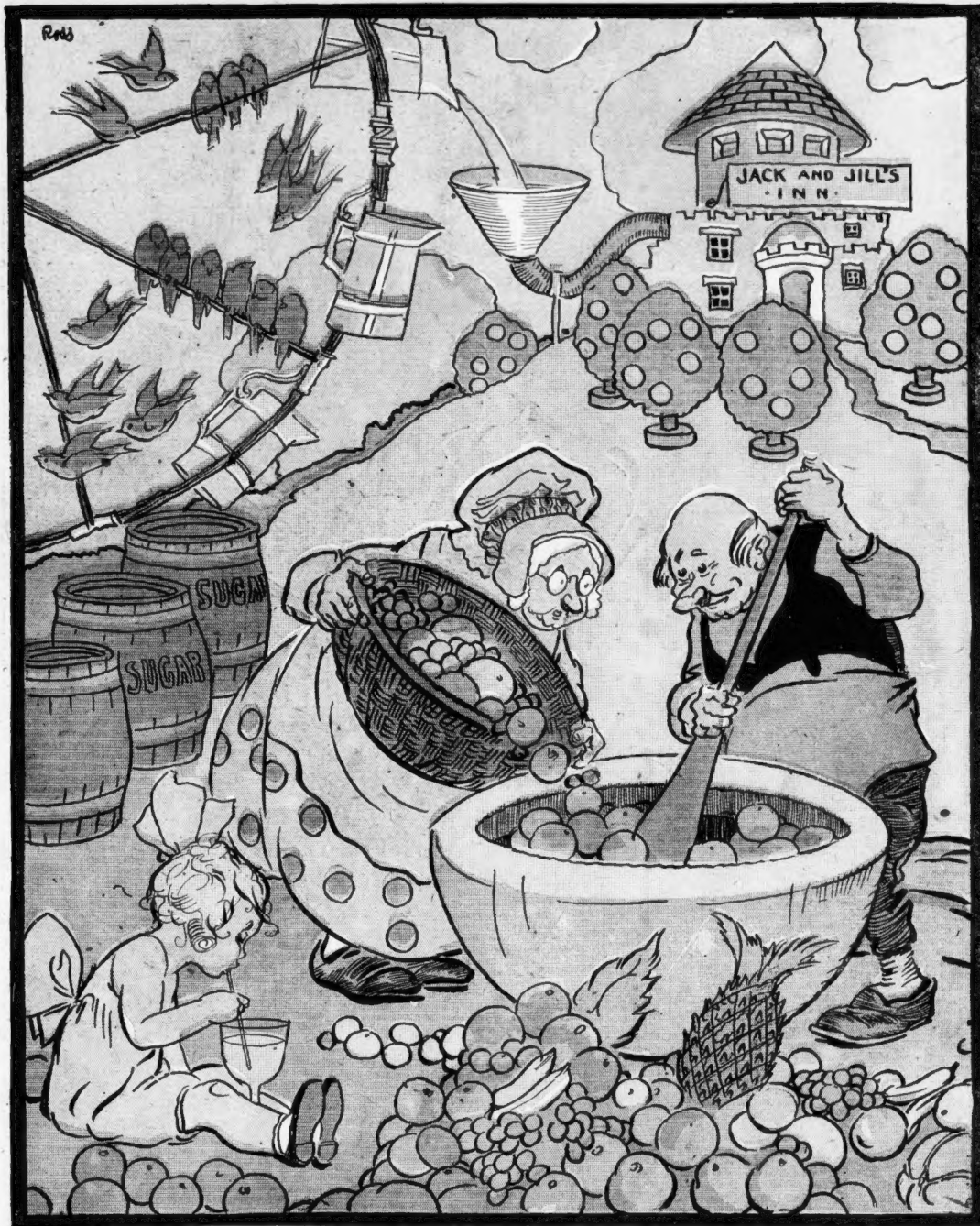


Poor little Mrs. Sparrow came back to her nest one day and found somebody had robbed it during the few minutes she was away to lunch. And the shock just naturally sent her to the Bird Heaven. And Policeman Stork—who, of course, had a sort of sentimental interest in the eggs—was sent off to find the culprit.

He brought in wicked Mr. Crow, and stern old Judge Owl and the owl jury listened to the evidence against him.

"Guilty!" they said, and condemned him to hard labor the rest of his life, bringing nice plump worms and bugs to all the rest of the Mrs. Sparrows while they were setting on their eggs.

BOOK OF MAGIC—Alice in Mother Goose Land



"What a nice smell," said Alice, "and what a queer looking inn—and, oh, look at those birds turning that water wheel!" The birds began to sing, and she heard someone say, "Why, little Alice! Where have you been so long? We've been making all kinds of nice things for you."

And there beside a big stone crock were the nicest old gentleman and old lady, with sugar barrels all around them and any quantity of the most gorgeously lovely fruit.

"I'm Jill," said the old lady, "and this is Jack."

"Pleased to meet you," said Alice. "But aren't you—oh!"

"A little older than you thought? Why, yes," chirped the old lady. "It was falling down the hill did it. Falling down a hill continually does age one so, you know."

"Yes," said Alice. "But I don't quite see why."

"Oh, yes," said the old lady, brightly. "You see, you roll over so many times. And it's time that makes you grow old, you know. Well, the more times you roll over the older you grow. So we stopped falling. The birds help us out. They turn the wheel for us and we don't have to get the water ourselves. And we started an inn."

And then little Alice sat down and drank the most wonderful fruit drinks and the cake and had a gorgeous time

(To Be Continued.)

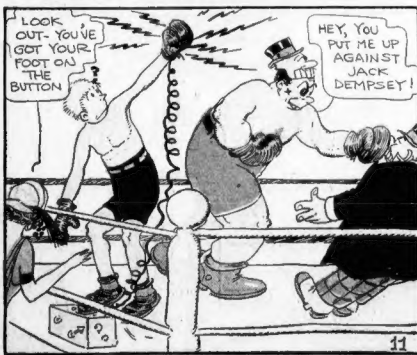
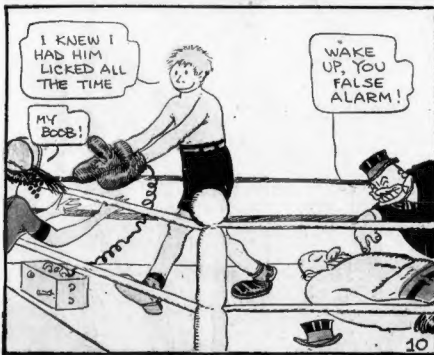
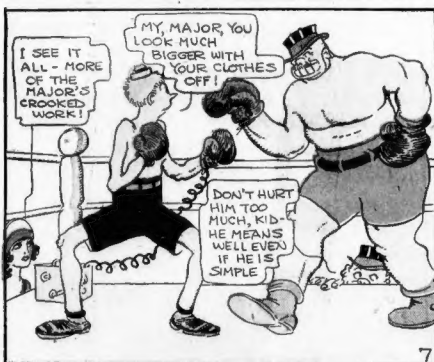
*MOISTEN PAGE WITH WATER TO BRING OUT THE MAGIC INKS.

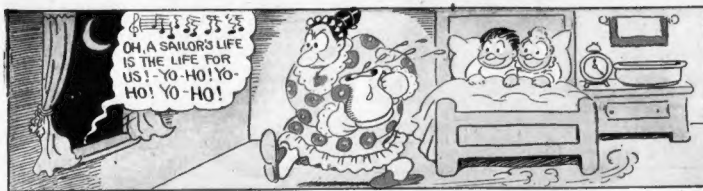


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